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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

'PERPLEXED AMERICA'

THE London *Nation and Athenæum* discusses the foreign policy of President Harding's administration under the above title. Like most British journals, it takes Mr. Harvey's Pilgrims' Banquet speech very pleasantly. However, unlike its contemporaries previously quoted by us, it has the advantage of the comments upon the speech cabled from the United States. On a basis of the latter, it refuses to attach so much importance as they did to Mr. Harvey's utterances as an expression of presidential policy. It refers rather sympathetically to the President's difficulties, says that Mr. Hughes is checked in his efforts to promote better conditions in Europe 'by the unintelligent Gallicism of the American Press'; that the big money interests of the United States are fighting desperately to have America come under 'a treaty already dead beyond expression.' It implies that financial influences have something to do with the delay of the peace resolution in Congress; and elsewhere suggests that Wall Street wants the treaty for the protection of its own speculations in Europe. It concludes by saying: 'The one thing is to proclaim that America is at peace with all the world, and is resolved to remain so.'

'FASCISMO' ON THE WANE

ACCORDING to *Il Messagero*, the Fascisti have been rent by dissensions since the last election. Republicans and Monarchists have fallen out and the party is said to be disintegrating. This journal explains the present discord by the fact that the Fascisti rallied around a purely negative programme and confined themselves to a policy of direct action. Faced by the necessity of adopting a positive programme and accommodating themselves to legal parliamentary action, they find themselves divided and helpless.

However this may be, the movement will remain an interesting and fruitful episode in Italian political history. The Fasci are, in fact, Soviets, or more or less spontaneous unions like our Committees of Public Safety at the time of the American Revolution and the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils of the recent German Revolution, organized to perform political functions where the regular government ceased to work. Benito Mussolini, who is said to have started the Fascisti movement, was a Socialist before the war, and at one time editor of the principal Italian Socialist paper, *Avanti*. During the war, he became what is termed in contemporary parlance a 'social patriot,'

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and founded a new journal at Milan, *Popolo d'Italia*. He was an ardent advocate of Italian participation in the war, and fought as a *bersagliere* at the front.

If the Fascisti disintegrate and disappear, as is now predicted, it will not be because their opponents at the opposite extreme, the Communists, have been vanquished; but because the Moderates have resumed control and violent extremism has lost its meaning.

A comparison of the membership of the Italian Chamber as elected in 1919 and 1921 is as follows:

	1919	*1921*
Constitutional Coalition	239	275
Popular Party	100	107
Socialists	138	122
Communists	18	16
Republicans	13	7
Germans		4
Slavs		4
	508	535

The increased number is due to the representatives sent by the recently annexed territory. All the members of the present, or Giolitti cabinet, and most of the party leaders have been returned. The Constitutional Coalition includes a very small number of Fascisti, but its strongest element is the Moderate or Liberal Centre. It is not regarded as so stable a coalition as the present French Nationalist *bloc* which it, to a certain extent, resembles.

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SOUTH AMERICA AND GERMANY

Colin Ross, a German traveler who has recently returned from South America, cautions the readers of *Vossische Zeitung* against attributing the foreign policy of Latin-American republics to European motives. President Irrogoyen said to him: 'Our neutrality during the war and our action at the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva were determined solely by our interest as a sovereign state and our ideas as to what constitutes an honest, just, conciliatory international policy." However, during the correspondent's long conversation with him concerning present conditions in Germany, the President manifested great sympathy with its people and confidence in its government.

Ross reports that, when he paid a farewell call upon Saavedevra, the President of Bolivia, the latter expressed a hope that diplomatic relations between the two countries might be resumed speedily. In Montevideo he attended a meeting of working-people where a longshoreman said to him: 'So long as Germany was unconquered and prospered, everything went well with us. We could buy things cheap and the workingman was well off. Now everything costs enormous prices, goods are poor, and every one is discontented.' This informant says that he found South Americans everywhere sympathetic with Germany, even in Brazil, and ascribes their feeling to three things: the chivalry they have inherited from both their Spanish and their Indian forbears, which makes them sympathize with the defeated side; the memory of the good old days when they could buy German merchandise in abundance at low prices; and finally, regret at the loss of the German market. Brazil wishes to sell coffee to Germany, Argentina wool, and Chile saltpetre; and the people of those countries ascribe their present distress in no small part to the loss of their German customers. Although Ross personally witnessed a demonstration against France in Rio de Janeiro, he does not think this represents the attitude of the people. 'The cultural and economic ties which unite most Latin-American republics with the Entente nations are so strong, that we can hope only to share their sympathy with the Entente, not to monopolize it.'

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OUR MUTABLE NAVIES

THE famous British war vessel Dreadnaught, which, according to the *Daily Telegraph* 'has exercised more influence on the history of the world than any other,' has been sold by the British Admiralty, together with over one hundred other obsolete battleships and smaller naval vessels, to be broken up. She was launched fifteen years ago, and cost about five hundred dollars in gold a ton to build, and has been sold for some twelve dollars a ton 'in a sadly depreciated currency.' The *Telegraph* consoles itself, however, 'that of all investments which we as a nation have ever made she has unquestionably proved the most profitable.' This opinion is based upon the fact that the Dreadnaught immediately rendered obsolete the fleet which Germany was so rapidly constructing, and gave England an unquestioned superiority in battleship types up to the war.

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HYMEN AND MARS

ACCORDING to a Cologne correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, 'there is considerable friendliness between the British soldiers and the civilians. . . . Some hundreds of men of the occupying army have married German girls and brought them home, and quite a number of members of the British forces stationed at Dantzic have married girls from that district. The British soldier, it appears, is impressed by the training in housekeeping that German girls have received and by their industry in their homes. The language difficulty is soon overcome. The British soldier, as a rule, shows neither the inclination nor the aptitude for learning German; but the average German girl — being, like most of her compatriots, ready and anxious to learn — easily picks up English.'

HISTORIANS VERSUS WARRIORS

ONE of the more entertaining episodes of German post-war polemics is the controversy between the eminent historian, Professor Hans Delbrück and defenders of the Prussian General Staff. Professor Delbrück resents the efforts of the General Staff to write history; but he himself has published 'A History of the Art of War,' in which he argues that it would have been far better for the Prussians to study Frederick the Great than Napoleon as interpreted by Clausewitz. He engaged in a controversy with Bernhardi over this point, in which his opponent described his views as 'epoch-making nonsense.'

Professor Delbrück, after unsheathing his pen repeatedly against Germany's military pundits in *Preussische Jahrbücher*, has now summarized his side of the debate in a little book entitled, 'Ludendorff, Tirpitz, and Falkenhayn,' in which he disapproves least the strategy of Falkenhayn.

Before the war Professor Delbrück opposed Germany's naval rivalry with Great Britain, and resigned from the Navy League when Admiral Tirpitz embarked on his Dreadnaught programme. He cites evidence to show that during the conflict the admiral was continually wabbling in his views and demands. Delbrück advocated evacuating Belgium, believing that this was the best means to break the 'British home front'; and he asserts that Germany's 'will to victory' disappeared only when the people 'actually could do no more,' — *tatsächlich nicht mehr konnte.*

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GORKY ON RUSSIAN LABOR

MAXIM GORKY has been making some outspoken comments upon labor laxity under Communist rule, in the Petrograd organ of the Soviet govern-

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ment, *Pravda*. He says that, although the capital and resources of Russia and all the fruits of the industry of its people 'have now become the property of those who create them,' the people are producing almost nothing and consuming with a free hand, right and left.

'We even exhibit a sort of mania for destruction, wasting articles which not only would be of great use for our own material comfort, but are irreplaceable as priceless artistic and historical treasures. For example, goods are being shipped in from the country wrapped in the canvases of magnificent pictures, which have been cut from their frames. In the winter we have heated our houses with sumptuous furniture. Single pieces are often worth several dozen loads of wood. We work with disgraceful carelessness and inefficiency. On every hand we witness burlesque episodes, where stupidity and cruelty are rivals, where men are doing things they do not understand, and those who know better refuse to instruct them.'

Gorky speaks with some authority on such subjects as the following:

'I saw a party of men loading a wagon. At one end, over a single axle, they piled cement, boxes of lead, and parts of machines, while at the other end, over the other axle, they heaped up pell-mell bentwood chairs, household utensils, a baby carriage, and several other articles of moderate weight. I could see at once that the overloaded axle was going to break, and that the wagon would not reach its destination. I have been a drayman myself. I know the trade. If, back in the days when I was thus employed, I had started to load a wagon like that, my boss would have given me a kick and sent me to the devil; and I should have fully merited such usage for abusing a vehicle in that way.'

AN INDIAN WAR MEMORIAL

WELL toward one-half a million dollars has been contributed in India to erect and endow a 'Hall of all Religions' as a war memorial. It is proposed that the seat of this institution shall be Benares, India's religious capital, and that it shall serve as an academy for the study of comparative religion and philosophy, a meeting-place for members and leaders of all the great religions and minor religious sects, a place of worship for men of every faith, a home for the priests and teachers of all religions, and a publishing house to supply literature in connection with the movement. It is rather interesting to note that the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago in connection with the Columbian exposition, nearly thirty years ago, is cited as a precedent for this proposal. A pamphlet describing the project issued by the 'Honorary Secretary of the Hall of all Religions' at the office of Sri Bharat Dharma Mahamandal, Benares, India, contains letters of approval from a number of eminent scholars and thinkers, including Professor Carpenter of Oxford and Rudolf Eucken and Hermann Keyserling of Germany.

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JAPAN AND THE COMING WORLD-CLEAVAGE

YORODZU, whose comments upon Japan's foreign relations are usually conservative and intelligent, says that the disposition of the present American administration to resume coöperation with the Allies will also mean in effect Allied support for America; and that this is a matter which deserves the serious consideration of the Japanese. Some predict a great struggle in the future between Pan-Europeanism and Pan-Americanism. Others believe the coming collision will be between Amer-

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ica and Europe on the one hand, and Asia on the other; and this seems the more probable contingency. This journal believes that the possibility of the latter cleavage 'has been made somewhat clearer' by the recent action of the American government. Japan is honest in its support of the League of Nations. It seeks to evade a collision of any kind. But the drift of international affairs constantly reminds its people that they may be isolated. 'It is not known what attitude will be taken toward Japan by the various countries who would not hesitate to sacrifice the interests of others to their own. The Japanese should be fully prepared for whatever may occur. They are the only people who are faithfully and justly hoping for the happiness of mankind.'

Yorodzu advocates limitation of armaments in the interest of national economy, and believes that administrative reforms may be introduced in Japan which will render it possible to cut the expenditures for the army by at least one half without seriously decreasing its efficiency.

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WELSH TO THE RESCUE

THE author of a series of pen sketches of men prominent at the Peace Conference, now appearing in the London *Sunday Times*, adds to the already lengthy list of anecdotes in which Welsh saves its speakers from an embarrassing predicament. When in Paris, Lloyd George was in constant telephone communication with London, as this was the speediest and most convenient method of keeping in daily touch with events at home. To his great annoyance it became evident that the line was being tapped. Other distinguished representatives at the Peace Conference had a similar experience. However the British Premier triumphed over his inquisitive listeners by stationing a Welshman at the London end of the line and carrying on his conversation entirely in Welsh. The confusion and resentment of the eavesdroppers, according to the authority we quote, 'was manifested in their remonstrances when they discovered that no one could understand this strange tongue.'

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GREAT BRITAIN AND THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCE

BRITISH labor is protesting because the Conventions agreed to at the International Conference at Washington have never been submitted to the British Parliament. It seems that the ministry has decided to act on these Conventions on its own authority, without bringing them before the legislative branch; and will refuse to ratify the Conventions relating to the eight-hour day and maternity. The argument for rejecting the eight-hour day is that it is already in force for 'the overwhelming majority of British workers,' and that in the diversified field of industry it is better to leave the matter to be settled by negotiation. The Maternity Convention was rejected as not immediately practicable. The question has been brought to a head by a motion introduced in Parliament by Mr. George Barnes, one of the government's representatives at the Washington Conference, to this effect: 'That, in the opinion of this House, the Conventions adopted at the Washington Labor Conference, under the League of Nations, should be submitted to Parliament as the competent authority.'

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A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER OF THE TRENCHES

BY BENEDETTO CROCE

[This account of a very remarkable young mind, prematurely cut off from its promising labors by the war, suggests one of the costs of that conflict which is not included in the usual balance-sheets of our war losses. The fact that this review is by the Italian Minister of Education, one of the most distinguished philosophers and men of letters of Europe, adds to its interest.]

From *Il Giornale d'Italia, May* 21
(Rome Neutral Conservative Daily)

I believe that the numerous volumes, pamphlets, and articles recording the letters and diaries of young men who fell in the Great War, manifesting, as they do, noble sentiments, high ideals, and lofty devotion to their families, their country, and humanity, are more than ordinary historical documents. I believe that they offer us precious data upon the spiritual problems and conditions of the modern world. Certainly they serve this purpose better than our novels and poetry, which, when beautiful and elevated, transcend the limitations of our present age, and when coarse and commonplace, exaggerate the transient conventions and fashions of the day. The writings I have in mind are for the most part inspired by an appreciation of the seriousness of life. They reach to the deeper and, therefore, the better depths of the human soul.

I wish here to call the attention of Italian readers to one of the best of these documents. Otto Braun was born in 1897, and entered the war as a volunteer in 1914, when seventeen years old. He was killed on the French front in April, 1918. He was a youth of extraordinary intellectual and moral precocity, disciplined by strenuous study. His parents were Dr. Heinrich Braun and Lily Braun. His mother is known to Italian readers, at least by repute, through her *Memoirs of a Socialist.* When he was but twelve years old, he was brought to the attention of the Prussian Ministry of Education by one of his teachers, who petitioned to be relieved of part of his regular duties in order to devote more time to training his remarkable pupil. The volume which I have before me contains extracts from this young man's diary and letters, — beginning with January, 1907, when he was nine years old, — verses composed after 1913, and original notes upon historical, political, economic, and philosophical themes.

What was the controlling impulse of this boy in his wide range of study, writing, and thinking? We might describe it as seeking for a religious faith, and for the moral discipline demanded by such a faith. When only fourteen years old, in 1911, he felt the misdirection and travail of the modern era, of this 'age of inquiry, rejecting all authority, willfully wandering, undisciplined, chaotic, and yet marvelous — not marvelous as an object of contemplation, but in the very stimulus which its conflicts produce.' The word religion rises to his lips. But what religion? Like other young men of his generation he was an ardent student of Nietzsche, welcoming his thought as a plough that

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stirs and upturns the soil of the mind. Although he was anything but a disciple of Nietzsche, he had abandoned Christianity. 'Unless we are obedient to an ideal that we freely comprehend and endorse, life cannot continue. Life and struggle, struggle for a cause; but a cause means dedication, subordination to itself.' A religious conception, therefore, but more pagan than Christian.

> The true sentiment of the new culture, tested and purified in the furnace by so many modern souls, will be closely akin to that of ancient culture; and already the prophecy of Gemistos Plethon approaches fulfillment: we shall see a religion which all men shall voluntarily endorse. It will be neither the Christian nor the pagan faith, but more like the latter.

One of his unpublished manuscripts is entitled *Anti-Christianity*, and has as its argument the conception of a new religion based on courage, self-confidence, and will. In the midst of the war in 1915, he repeated: 'The eternal cry: Religion! Not religiosity, but religion, which shall build temples, sacred shrines, and appoint a time for its revelation.' However, he adds as usual; 'But I believe it criminal, a service of the devil, to fancy that an age which has acquired its features under the sway of Socialism and of Nietzsche, and amid the tremendous economic, political, and cultural changes of the latter part of the nineteenth century, should ever return to the still waters of a static Christianity. I am as resolutely anti-Christian as any man ever was.'

And if he was anti-Christian, one can well appreciate his loathing for mysticism and Oriental cults inferior to Christianity, which a morbid fashion was reviving in Europe. In 1909, when twelve years old, he wrote: 'We have neither the right nor the leisure to be mystics. We need men who immerse themselves in life and labor, in order to create something new. For something new is coming. I know it.' In 1911, he wrote to a friend who sympathized with Buddhism, suicide, and Nirvana: —

> Do you honestly believe that, when you can live a life of action, you ought to strive to submerge the ego in the All, to seek eternal peace, to regard immaterial existence as our supreme object, our highest happiness? I do not believe in that. Do you honestly believe that the men who have devoted themselves to the highest ideals, to the greatest things within their attainment, — men of action constantly struggling, putting forth their utmost effort in a relentless seeking and striving, — . . . do you think that these Titans will ever cast aside their true nature and allow themselves to be captured by that nullity? I do not believe it. And these Titans are our heroes. They are the true products of Europe — laborious, active men, not passive, apathetic men.

In 1912, he protested against 'a philosophy or religion so vague, incorporeal, negative toward life as that of your Chinese teacher'; a religion that can never 'take root in a strong and powerful Europe; and if that should happen Europe would perish.'

In the work entitled *Anti-Christianity*, he stated as an ideal, 'the harmonious union of the spirit and the body,' and formulated twenty articles of faith, or rather commandments, of which the tenth was: 'You should have strong passions, but control them'; and the fifteenth: 'You should leave nothing obscure, but seek light on everything, investigate everything, except art and beauty, which you should enjoy'; and in the fourteenth, he adopted the cry of the German soul in *Sturm und Drang:* 'Thou shalt be a Titan.'

One can easily see how such a mind would welcome the war. This is confirmed by the brief entries in his diary shortly before his admission to the service, which he obtained, though he was under age, through special favor. On the eighteenth of August, 1914, he

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wrote: 'A long conversation with Papa over my joining the army. I think: This war has been given to our generation and to us individually as a fiery test, to mature us and make us men for the tremendous years and events that are at the door.' He concludes with something very like a prayer: —

May I return after honorably sustaining my test in war and victory, to find my parents rejoicing in realized hopes and laboring on new tasks; may I find myself strong and prepared for the duties which the world shall set me; may I find my country at once prouder and more modest, stronger and braver; and may I be able to scan the formless chaos of the future, and detect the first forms arising from its bosom, so that I may do my part in giving them shape and substance; these things, O Rulers of the Universe, I pray and hope and demand of you.

Let me quote a few entries from the period of the war. On January 17, 1915, he writes: —

This monstrous thing which I am actually living — the war — seems to me like a powerful spontaneous urge toward that which is classic, purely designed, and severe. War which seemed to our ancestors the fullness of romantic passion, the prototype of romanticism, becomes in our day a sublime destiny, an unqualified necessity, that we must submit to in order that our excitable and mobile era may become hardened and tempered, serious and resolute, mature and made ready for the new and magnificent deeds of the future, and their virile beauty.

On July 17, 1915, he wrote in a letter to his parents: —

I must tell you one thing more. My youth was happy and filled with experience such as few have enjoyed. I owe that to you. But without this later army experience, in many ways evil and harsh as it is, my youth might have been wasted. It was too pure, too good, too morbid, too sheltered from the brute facts of life, from contact with the rank and file of men. Now I seem to have reëstablished equilibrium.

Again he wrote, on October 14: —

It seems to me that we cannot do what so many say, and take a definite attitude toward an event like the war. It is too immeasurable and overwhelming. . . . It seems to me utter arrogance to adopt an opinion in face of the God of War. All that you can do in its presence is to pray, pity, love, hate, surrender life, or commence a new life.'

On March 29, 1916, he wrote: —

My opinion before the war, which you know had been fully formed, has been but strengthened in this respect. My love for form and beauty, for that which thrives and grows by an organic impulse, for that powerful passion for beauty which is crystallized in classic bronze and marble, has but increased. And my horror for what is accidental, artificial, arbitrary, purely negative, purely a matter of words — for that illusion which takes the periphery of life for its centre — has meanwhile grown stronger.

On August 17, 1917, he wrote with reference to having received honorable mention: —

I always feel a certain diffidence in such matters. I do not live for the outer things of life, but I certainly shall live for the world and shall not retire into myself. However, I wish to cherish within myself a soul intact, a God whom only a few shall know, but who, when I do withdraw for a time into the privacy of my heart, shall be but the more glorious for that reason. While we live, we have many enemies and are constantly assailed, and after death we can become a symbol and a monument to men, and leave an influence which lives after us.

On December 24 he again writes: —

One thing has become clear to me. The highest thing a man can attain in this life is not glory, or happiness, or grandeur. No, neither is it that which seemed hitherto the highest thing in life — labor. It is only this: to become a model, so that your mere existence may influence the world and humanity. Cæsar, Christ, Socrates, Alexander, were all these things. In this war, I have constantly seen what they call leaders, and observed what leaders can be and do. What

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is their art? Do they sway men by moral maxims, and teaching, and isolated deeds? No, but by what is usualy called good example, which simply means by being what they are.

It is interesting to note Braun's observations on political questions, which he had studied carefully with a view to entering public life. In 1911, he sketched Germany's situation in case of a world war, where Italy withdrew from the Triple Alliance, and England was ranged with his country's enemies. He commented: —

Our over-shrewd moves on the political chessboard have resulted in an alliance of France, England, and Russia, and we need a lantern of Diogenes to find a country that will stand by us honestly. Can we expect that of Austria or Turkey, where cabinets friendly in turn to England and to Germany alternate in unvarying succession? These are the results of a policy of selling ourselves to the highest bidder, which seems to have become good tradition.

He makes the following comment upon the outcome of a war solely for the defense of the fatherland: —

Cloudy as is the future, I am certain of this: Germany will not perish. I do not base my confidence, as many boasters do, on the idea that we are perfect and have accomplished mighty things; but rather because we have not yet worked out our destiny, because the Germany which we carry in our hearts has not yet attained its final form and figure. Perhaps we have expressed ourselves fully in music, but we have not yet fulfilled our mission in painting, sculpture, architecture, and the other higher fields of life. Our problem is a hard one, harder than that of other nations, because we are more diverse among ourselves and present more internal contrasts.

This is why he attached such great importance to Socialism. But he was not a Socialist in the current sense of dreaming of a life of equality and peace. 'All men to become equal by virtue of equality of opportunity and training! Horrible thought! Zeus save me from such a world! No, because men are not equal. It is for that very reason that I would welcome absolute equality of opportunity.' But like all serious-minded persons, he was a champion of the doctrine of power in politics. 'I firmly believe that it is unqualifiedly necessary in the general interest of the human race, for each nation to pursue an egoistic policy, and that even the Socialists will be compelled to adopt such a course if they attain power.' He expresses the same opinion in referring to Italy, which he had visited as a young boy to study its art, and again as a soldier, when he served there with the army of invasion in 1917. Shortly before his death, in 1918, he read Hartmann's little book upon the Italian Renaissance.

This is a very interesting book. It teaches many things — above all, the first lesson of history, that organization always wins. An organized people inevitably realizes that no theoretical political edifice, regardless of how much genius may be bestowed upon it, ever survives. So Italy was not founded on the high ideals of Mazzini, but on the old Piedmont state, with all its imperfections and inadequacies. To be sure, nothing can exist without an ideal behind it, and without great men to make that ideal a force and to give it practical content. But our political institutions are inevitably based upon fact and precedent — upon what has existed before, albeit imperfect. We must reconcile ourselves to this.

However, Braun does not mean force and power in the brute physical sense.

It seems to me that the history of the Italian Renaissance should caution us against exaggerating the material factors in history. Hartmann expresses surprise that the cause of Italian liberty could gain such momentum in spite of the poverty and political apathy of the working people of Italy, and in particular of Piedmont. That movement was largely a movement of the upper classes, of the nobility and the intellectuals.

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During the war, he studied with interest the change produced by army experience in the rank and file of the nation. He wrote in September 1915: —

The drift of the soldiers toward Socialism is essentially negative. It expresses their wrathful contempt for flabby bourgeois society, for those who have remained at home. It suggests no creative force, from which we may hope for a new society. It points toward this only through the new consciousness of power and mastery which is stirring among the commons. Every individual has developed remarkable independence and self-reliance. I am not passing judgment. I am merely recording my observations. When the army returns home, the civic consciousness of the people will be enormously strengthened. Here we have a superabundance of vigor, a tremendous feeling of power. It will take great intelligence and skill to direct the tremendous forces thus generated among the common people into productive channels.

In March 1918, he reflected: —

'When the army ebbs back home at the end of the war, it will inundate the country with a flood of energy, for both evil and good. Many men will be worse, will become criminals. Many finer natures will be coarsened. The defenders of customs, culture, and order must stand firm. Women, government officials, judges, clergymen, party leaders, trade-union bosses, must exert themselves to the utmost to guide this torrent of undisciplined and savage force into its natural channels, to refine the moral conscience of the nation, to cultivate the spirit of order.'

He aspired to be a participant in this labor.

'I desire more strongly and ardently than ever to be of service. I shall devote myself to my studies for some years after the war, and thus prepare myself for public life.'

However all these hopes and plans came to naught on April 29, 1918, when he was killed at the front by a fragment of an enemy shell. He left behind him in these pages an image of himself which may become, as he desired, a model and example for those who survive him. His portrait shows him to have been a stalwart, noble-featured fellow. One of his companions relates that, when he was leading a party of soldiers to gather up the corpses on the battlefield at night, the latter balked at their task. Urging them on with exhortations and admonitions, he began to sing in the darkness verses of the Iliad and the hymns of Hölderlein. A lieutenant in the party, ordinarily skeptical and sarcastic, remarked in all seriousness: 'But few of the dead are honored with such funeral chants.'

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REVOLUTIONARY THEORY IN EUROPE

BY T. G. MASARYK

[President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia is himself a Social Democrat and possesses an intimate knowledge of revolutionary currents in Europe. He, therefore, speaks with peculiar authority upon the subject of the following article.]

From *La Revue de Genève, March*
(Swiss Independent Literary and Political Monthly)

Bolsheviki want revolution at any cost; Western Socialists, and above all Social Democrats, oppose Russia's revolutionary methods. Consequently the Bolsheviki attack the latter with violence, call them obstacles to reform, and condemn their 'perverse blindness' to the necessity and the justice of violent revolution. Lenin and his party are particularly hostile to Kautsky. Not only Kautsky and Bernstein, but nearly all other Socialist leaders throughout the world have been excommunicated by the Bolsheviki. The men thus read out of the revolutionary party included such Russians as Plekhanoff and Martoff; Germans and Austrians like Otto Bauer, Frederic Adler, Hilferding, Ledebour and Scheidemann, such leading Frenchmen as Longuet, the whole English Labor Party, Turati and his followers in Italy, and Hillquit and his associates in America. Indeed, the 'purification' is as wide as the world itself. Lenin condemns such men as opportunists and 'social patriots' who have falsified the doctrines of Marx and have distorted his revolutionary programme until it means merely bourgeois reform. He accuses them of exhibiting personal cowardice at a time when their comrades were fighting Tsarism at the risk of their lives or languishing in Siberian prisons.

It is true that Marx and Engels believed for a time that there would be a great final revolution and that the overthrow of capitalism was imminent. In their Communist Manifesto they asserted that Germany was on the eve of a bourgeois revolution, to be followed at once by a proletarian revolution. Later they recognized that these ideas were mistaken, and they kept postponing their violent revolution until finally they practically abandoned the idea. Both Marx and Engels thus got farther and farther away from the old revolutionary theory. Finally Engels, in a farewell message to the German proletariat in 1895, advised its members to obey the spirit of Marx, to renounce the employment of force, and to devote themselves entirely to gaining their ends by the ballot. As soon as they had a popular majority and a majority in Parliament, they might set up a temporary dictatorship of the proletariat.

Prior to 1848, and for a short period thereafter, Engels was an extreme radical, anxious to start a revolt against Prussian, Austrian, and Russian absolutism. But his ideal even then was political liberty under a republican form of government. He discussed revolution rather vaguely without attempting to analyze scientifically what it meant. We have for example his

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letter to Marx in 1851, in which he refers to revolutions as natural phenomena that follow physical laws. He used such expressions as 'the physical force of necessity' — which showed careless sociological analysis. Later, Engels and Marx thought out the subject more thoroughly, as we learn from the many articles and pamphlets which they subsequently wrote upon the subject. The Paris Commune aroused interest in the comparative study of revolutions. A Social Democratic Party was organized. Marx and Engels became absorbed in scientific Socialism. They were busy developing the distinction between Socialism and various forms of anarchy and, in this connection, they accepted the theory of Darwinian evolution.

Engels wrote very plainly, in a letter addressed to Bernstein in 1883, that the Socialists ought to wait for a bourgeois republic. This was an unqualified endorsement of the evolutionary theory. In the preface to his fifth edition of the Communist Manifesto, published in 1890, he wrote as follows: 'Marx counted entirely upon the intellectual evolution of the working-classes for the final victory of the ideas contained in this Manifesto — an intellectual evolution sure to come about through a combination of action and discussion.' In his commentary upon the Erfurt Platform, adopted in 1891, he declared that in countries like England, the United States, and France, where the people have a vote and control their legislatures, the transition from the old order to the new may occur without domestic conflict. He thought it would be easy to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat in a democratic republic. In this view he was but following the path of Marx who had taught the same thing in the introduction to his *Class Struggle in France between 1848 and 1850*.

So we see that Marx started out in 1848, and during the reaction which followed, by being a romantic revolutionist, but that when he had developed his theory of scientific socialism he reversed this attitude. Therefore, the Bolsheviki are not honest in always quoting the Marx of the earlier epoch. During the period of his greatest political lucidity, Marx considered that the social revolution might occur without violence, at least in such countries as England, the United States, and Holland. He said this explicitly in his Amsterdam address of 1872, shortly after the failure of the Paris Commune. His words were as follows:

> The workers will have to seize political power some day in order to reorganize the industrial system. They will have to overthrow the old political machinery which maintains the old economic institutions, unless they propose to renounce the kingdom of this world as did the early Christians and to neglect and despise it. But we have never insisted that identical methods ought to be used everywhere to attain this end. We know that we must take into consideration the institutions, the customs, and the traditions of different countries. We do not deny that in certain lands, like the United States and England, — and if I knew your institutions better I might perhaps add Holland, — the workingmen can attain their purposes by peaceful means. However, this is not the case in every country.

As for Engels, we have already said that he declared a revolution unnecessary even in Germany.

Consequently, the Bolsheviki are wrong in appealing to Marx and Engels; because those writers abandoned the idea of a revolution as soon as their socialist theories became clarified and scientific. It makes one indignant to note how the Bolsheviki evade quoting the authority of Marx and Engels on this point; and this proves that they are incapable of serious political thought.

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Marx and Engels always considered violence a subordinate weapon which might eventually be used to give the last stroke to a capitalist régime already undermined and weakened by economic progress. Marx and Engels consistently regarded this gradual internal revolution following the footsteps of economic evolution, the principal and decisive force which would eventually bring to pass socialism. Aside from that, they looked chiefly to the education of the masses for a reform of the social order. Lenin, on the other hand, considers armed revolution the principal constructive force in social progress, and expects it to bring about the final communist régime even in illiterate Russia, where capitalism itself has by no means attained maturity.

So Marx and Engels stood on a scientific and evolutionist platform, while the Bolsheviki stand on an absolutist and anti-scientific platform. The former regarded revolution as more than a process of protest, punishment, and admonition — as a constructive and creative force for replacing the old régime by a new and better social state. On the other hand, the Bolsheviki champion a revolution of the old barbarous type, belonging to the outgrown epoch of absolutism and violence.

Lenin, it is true, expects capitalism to be overthrown throughout the world; but that is precisely where he makes his mistake. His notion of human evolution and of national evolution is visionary. His philosophy of history is false. He and his friends have predicted on several occasions the day and hour of the final catastrophe in Europe, and in each instance they have predicted wrong. They now postpone to ever remoter dates the final bankruptcy of existing society, without increasing the plausibility of their prophecy. To be sure, Lenin sometimes speaks more in accordance with facts. He cautions Communists from seizing power before the proletariat is ripe for it, and recognizes that the political maturity of the masses varies in different countries and under different surroundings. He even admits: 'Only the political leaders of the proletariat in each country — those who have pondered the question and have direct and personal knowledge of local conditions — will be able to tell exactly when the proper moment arrives.' And he continues further on: 'Our tactics should be based upon an accurate and well-defined knowledge of the classes of society in each particular country and in the countries which surround these, as well as upon practical experience with revolutionary movements.'

The Bolsheviki are the victims of revolutionary romanticism and mysticism. For them, revolution is a revelation, and for most of them it is literally a fetish. It is an idea which gratifies their intellectual fancy in their present immature state of development. Consequently, to their eyes, revolution is an end in itself. They are incapable of plodding, productive labor. They dream of imaginary exploits and their enthusiasm ends in a flood of empty words. Their hatred of reaction makes them define arbitrarily what reaction is. The Bolsheviki are Russians, and Lenin is constantly asserting that they cannot use the methods of Western nations. Lenin is nearer the truth than he realizes in saying that. The Russians still cherish their old aristocratic prejudices. They disdain plodding labor and persistent effort. The Bolsheviki are true representatives of that lower social order where brutality reigns unchecked. That is why the teaching of Marx and Engels cannot be distorted into conformity with Bolshevist practices.

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The Bolsheviki grew up in exile. They have been outlaws. They know only the methods of conspiracy. They have taken over the tradition of a Russian revolution which was terrorist and anarchist in its origin and they cannot free themselves from its obsession. These facts of their history help to explain their administrative failure. Their government is a mere improvisation. They are dilettante rulers, with no thought-out plan and no continuity of policy. Even in these days, Radek is advising the socialists of Western Europe to form secret and illegal societies. Right there you have the difference between Europe and Russia. European Socialists know their minds. They understand the value of plodding labor. They know how to create. They see revolution for what it is, undisguised by any veil of mysticism and romanticism.

From the European standpoint, the Bolshevist Revolution was not necessary. When the Tsar was overthrown and a liberal socialist government was organized, where a constitutional convention elected by 36,000,000 voters showed a large socialist majority, the Bolsheviki should have been content to form a political party with a programme of administrative and educational reform. They might have constituted an opposition in parliament. We must acknowledge that Kerensky's government committed blunders but this did not justify Lenin in committing others. But the Bolsheviki did not know, and they never have known, how to work. They only know how to force others to work. They know how to fight, how to kill, and murder, and die, but they are incapable of plodding, productive labor. That is why their revolution was at the beginning — and still continues to be — political instead of economic and social. They owe their success to the defeat of the Tsar's army. The moment Lenin proclaimed that war must stop at any cost, the soldiers flocked to his standard. These soldiers were of two sorts: those who had seen three years of war, with all its horrors and disasters, who were worn out and demoralized by defeat; and the young and undisciplined recruits of the new army. They were unanimous in applauding Lenin's ultra-pacifism. Thanks to them Lenin won. He owed no whit of his success to his masterful knowledge of the weak points in capitalism and the strong points in socialism.

There is one test, and only one, by which we can decide whether or not a revolution is necessary. It is a test which involves both historical expediency and a question of conscience. A revolution means life or death for many men. It is a measure to be adopted only when there is no other recourse, when revolution is the only weapon with which we can successfully defend our liberty and assure our future.

Before the war I studied the question of revolution for many years. I was often accused of dealing with it from too academic a standpoint. That was not quite true; for revolution is always a practical problem, as events have proved. My *Thoughts upon the Ethical Aspects of Revolution* show that I judged the world's condition aright. I anticipated profound changes. I had a presentiment that I personally might be called upon to decide whether the employment of force was necessary and legitimate. Subsequent events confirmed this presentiment. I organized our national movement, and I led our revolution.

As I have often said before, the responsibility seemed to me no light one. My moral suffering was acute. I was compelled to decide whether conditions promised our revolution a fair prospect of success, and whether that success

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justified the human lives it would cost. Furthermore, the head of a revolution must avoid personal risks, in order that his followers may not be bereft of guidance and counsel. I left behind my family, and it was persecuted by the Austrian authorities. But I thought of all that when I made my decision.

By a strange accident, I found myself in the very centre of the Bolshevist uprising. I was in Petrograd and Moscow and Kieff when shells were flying. I lived ten days at the Hôtel Métropole in Moscow, where bullets and shrapnel frequently struck my windows. I had the same experience later at Kieff. I did not fear for myself; I could take care of myself during those bloody days. But I have suffered sleepless days and nights while thinking that I must make decisions sure to cost the lives of others, and after receiving news of the death and sufferings of my faithful followers. So I can discuss revolutions not only as a theorist, but as a man who knows that terrible reality.

The life of others ought to be sacred to us. Men should respect the personality of their fellow men. This is the principle upon which the very survival of human beings and of society rests. It should govern the rules of revolution and of war. Revolution is justified only to resist the aggression of a usurper. It should strive to attain its ends with the smallest possible expenditure of life. Right there you have a line which separates the primitive civilization of the Russians from our Western civilization. They have always sacrificed life too prodigally, both in their wars and in their revolutions. With my own eyes I have seen Bolshevist crimes in which a purely brutal and bestial barbarism was exhibited. I have been horrified at the uselessness of these massacres. Lenin accuses Kautsky, in one of his arguments, as he accuses the other opponents of the Bolshevist Revolution, of being a coward. He pretends that cowardice is the principal reason for the dislike of Russian revolutionary methods. I share Kautsky's views, not because I am afraid, but because I know conditions in Russia and in Europe. I affirm with full knowledge of their case, and after long reflection, that the Bolsheviki are fatally wrong. First of all, they do not understand that the European nations have reached a state of progress where their moral instincts revolt against violence, and therefore against war and aggressive revolution. The European mind no longer tolerates the idea of war and revolution except in self-defense. Last of all, the Bolsheviki do not understand that their country, in its present backward state, is not ripe for a Communist régime, and that it never can make a success of its revolution.

We have reached the point in Europe where we can bring about such social transformations as are necessary by peaceful means. We do not need a violent revolution; far less do we need Russian terrorism.

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STRINDBERG'S CONFESSIONS

BY LUCIEN MAURY

[*M. Maury's essay, which is apropos of the publication of Strindberg's* The Son of a Servant *as the latest volume of the Bibliothèque Scandinave, appears in* La Revue Bleue, *May* 21.]

STRINDBERG is not merely the greatest writer whose birth Sweden has seen during the last century; he belongs to the literature of the world. He ranks among the heroes, of whom he is perhaps one of the most remarkable, if one will but consider the extent of his work and the universality of his genius.

He bears a relation to all the currents of art and thought. His work is a point of junction where the most diverse streams, tides, surging floods, and even tempests, encounter one another and contend among themselves. There is not a disturbance by which the spiritual atmosphere of his time is stirred, that does not linger in his spirit and there create strange revolutions. Romanticism and naturalism, Darwinism, science both of man and matter, physiology and psychology, history, religion, mysticism and magic, Ibsen and Kierkegaard, Björnson, Jonas Lie, Zola and Maupassant, Huysmans and Péladan, Charcot, Taine, Renan, Nietzsche, systems, doctrines, temperaments and beings, — everything that comes to light, that breathes and creates, — enter, subjugate, and with their vigor animate this eager mind, which opposes no obstacle to the torrent of its ideas and passions.

Theories entered into the very fibre of Strindberg and renewed the substance of his mental life. The men whose works he read took possession of him. He was the stubborn prisoner of friendship, of admiration, and of devotion, which, however, were not slow in changing to hate. He believed that the soul of Edgar Allen Poe lived again in him. A similarity in their haughty pride, and perhaps a kind of tragic likeness, linked him with the author of *Zarathustra*. He kept up an immense correspondence. This very prodigality, which so often gave everything to everybody, ended in a sort of nihilism which no longer numbered its enemies.

I believe that we should have to go back to Voltaire for another example of an activity so measureless, a curiosity so insatiable, a mind which touched the interests of its age at so many points. The comparison is in some respects superficial, for we must admit a gulf of striking contrast between the two, although Strindberg had, like the *seigneur* of Ferney, manifested the most diverse and highest ambitions, having determined to deal with his time through the novel, through criticism, through poetry, through drama, and through the newspapers, as a reformer of manners and of religion, a political and social innovator.

The philosopher's endeavor is to integrate the values of his age. Strindberg assembles, rejects, and never hoards up ideas. Like a public square forever ringing with all the rumors that spring up and die away, his brain is but a place of passage. All the riches of the world find room there without being definitely domiciled. The poet, so proud of his rich possessions, one succeeding another and always provisory, ends in the posture of Job.

A critic who is sincerely to set a value upon such unusual work should first of

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all put these questions to himself: What is the part played here by the influences to which the artist has been subjected, and by his borrowings of every sort? What is the part played by his predecessors and by his contemporaries? What share in his growth have the scions, snatched living from distant trees, and the wandering seeds blown here and there by the winds? What remains of the art itself when these accretions are taken away? How much has Strindberg himself created? From what sap and with what light has he grown his crop? Precisely where shall we find his originality and his genius?

This task of stripping off accretions is scarcely begun by the critics, and will never be finished, for the complete explanation of Strindberg would require an encyclopædia. His glory suffers now, and will suffer still further in time to come; for these borrowings mask the personal basis of his work. All literatures, and especially French literature, might claim heavy mortgages upon it.

This work, which mingles so many various elements of a violent and often brutal heterogeneity, inspires a kind of distrust in the ordinary reader. Strindberg is the victim of his own abundance, the victim of the multitude of things he remembers, of the reminiscences and comparisons he employs, of the prodigious variety of his literary kaleidoscope, of the immense domains which he arrogates to himself and in which others, living both before him and at the same time with him, claim a legitimate priority of possession.

But is this attitude really justified? It would be glaringly unfair to say so. This limitless receptivity of his is disconcerting, but it would be an error to think that it is the whole of Strindberg's genius, that he scatters his forces, that he is nothing but a stage manager, concerned solely with getting his extraordinary collection of booty on the stage. No artist is more imperious, stormy, jealous of his personal touch and his independence. Far from being passive, he is in perpetual rebellion against man and the whole universe. His plasticity is merely apparent; rarely does one see personality more sharply outlined, more constant in its affirmation of its fundamental traits, invention bursting forth more spontaneously or more resolutely creative. He who sees nothing but contradiction fails to comprehend Strindberg at all. His power of assimilation must not conceal from us his astounding originality.

The mechanism of his acquisitions deserves also to receive our attention. Strindberg is all action. Though he takes from every source, he receives no gifts, and permits none to be forced on him. His gesture has the violence of a freebooter's. At first he struggles furiously against the influence which he is undergoing. Then he seizes upon it; it is his property; he uses and abuses it. Then he draws away from it in hostility and ingratitude. Look at his successive discoveries. Philosophies, religions, forms of art and of thought explode within him with irresistible violence. Each one is the occasion for a drama in which he remains the chief actor. He will not let himself be led; he has to be given his head and his own way. He dashes into each intellectual adventure with the same fury, pushes it incontinently to its extremes. The end reached, he is ready for a new and dramatic metamorphosis.

Drama is his nature, the drama of feeling and of intellect. He throws all of himself into it, morally, and one might almost say physiologically; he pledges all his powers, his very life, to it. All these crises are so many roads by which he endeavors to reach the unknown — roads which he follows for an instant and then gives up in despair among impenetrable shadows. His im-

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patience suffers not at all that some others surpass him in hardiness. He is always eagerly on the band-wagon of new efforts and always prompt to give over those that lag.

In 1888 he wrote to his publisher, Bonnier: 'Zolaism, with its evocation and employment of nature, seems to be stirring up its last waves. Do not be surprised that I refuse to bring up the rear with the baggage train, I who am accustomed to march in the van.' To march in the van — that was his motto, his daily wish, and perhaps his caprice.

It must be added that Strindberg's attitude, which is that of the watcher who scans all the universe, is not so extraordinary in Scandinavia. The literatures of small countries are more closely related than those of the great nations to the movements which stir among all nations. They follow with especial vigilance, precision, and sensitiveness, everything, from the greatest shocks to the least oscillations. The mass of these literatures is not enough to stay the flow, backward and forward, of the thought of powerful civilizations, any more than a wave in the great human currents. They are constantly swept under and sometimes almost rooted up. The miracle — one of the finest among human efforts — is that so many resist and raise so proudly against the invader an immovable citadel and a supreme refuge.

Swedish literature is one of these. It has always been a field of battle where Germanism and Latinism, the East and the West, the people of the sea and those of the continents engaged in interminable combats. This struggle finds its place in the heart of man. Every cultivated Swede, that is to say, every polyglot Swede, knows that in his thought the German, Frenchman, Englishman, Italian, Russian, North American, challenge each other, struggle together, even destroy one another. He gets used to guests who are often tyrannic. He appeals to them, seeks them as examples, and is ceaselessly afraid of being surpassed by them. The vulgar copy our fashions, attaching themselves to what is ephemeral. The sturdy spirits make another choice, and one rarely encounters elsewhere men so widely informed, so open to every breath of contemporary life.

The Scandinavian peoples still remain conquerors of the intellectual sort. The Vikings continue to skim our oceans and to ravage our provinces. Faithful to the tradition of his race and of his land, Strindberg is king there by the very amplitude of his desires, the boldness of his excursions, and the extent of his rapine.

In literature the right of conquest is absolute. Still, the annexation must not be a mere robbery, and one naturally asks what happens to the fair prey that is reft from us. Strindberg, as I have said, boasts without ceasing of being himself. What he takes from us and from others neither embarrasses him nor makes him dull. These are only opinions, forms of art, technical processes. Artist, poet, and painter, — but not thinker, in spite of his penetration and his brilliant intuition, — he subdues and directs these at the bidding of his madman's heart. With them he covers his sombre ardor; they are so many masks through which his keen sarcastic glance peers.

It is precisely this aspect which fascinates us. These are the transports of the heart and passion, which allure us and draw us back again to the most moving of all spectacles, that of gigantic struggle and of desperate effort made by a man to dominate the fatalities of life, to burst asunder our limitations, and to escape from the condition of mankind.

Romantic, naturalist, mystic or magician, historian, dramatist, novelist,

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essayist — it is the monster himself who interests us, this sad and marvelous Titan, and not his momentary formula. Whatever that formula may chance to be, his true richness is his gift of seeing and depicting, his word-mastery, his eloquence, the sometimes appalling poetry of his sincerity and sorrow. It is the world of visions that dwells in him, the same that his pagan ancestors dressed sometimes in Italian gold or in Byzantine silk, and that have within them a complete mythology, the dazzling image of a fantastic Valhalla.

Of no other author could one say so justly, 'His work is his life.' Life and work are so intimately wedded, that to seek arbitrarily to separate them is to risk making one or the other unintelligible. The greater part of the blunders which overwhelm the memory of Strindberg, and the strange mistakes of which French commentators upon him have been guilty, spring from this source: failure to see that his fate and his monumental literary heritage cannot suffer separate consideration.

Strindberg, who was more keenly conscious of this indissoluble unity than anyone else, comes to our aid here. We have a series of his volumes giving us the key to his work and his character. This series, called *The Son of a Servant.* is not only the fundamental source, and up to this time the only one, to which his biographers have recourse, but it constitutes a veritable autobiography of the most valuable kind.

His other books are all made of his flesh and blood, but these bring us their living commentary, fill up the gaps, explain the transitions, unroll before us in connected scenes the evolution that he has elsewhere painted in great separate pictures. He himself attached to this portion of his work an especial value. In 1886 he wrote to Albert Bonnier: 'A man's life in five volumes is not a caprice; three years have ripened my resolution. It is like selling yourself to a medical school; but what does it matter when you are dead and others can profit from your corpse?' With regard to *The Writer*, he wrote: 'It is the story of my books, my own criticism and opinion on my own work . . . the story of my books, their surroundings, circumstances, ideas, execution, and a commentary on them.'

Only one fragment of this autobiography is known in France, *A Fool's Confession.* Strindberg wrote it in French (September 1887 to March 1888), but a German version (1893) preceded publication in France (1895). In it Strindberg tells the story of his first marriage. He had at first intended to publish without comment the correspondence relative to this episode of his life; but his publisher dissuaded him for fear of scandal, though not without difficulty, as is attested by the bitter reply which he brought upon himself: 'It is true that the peace of mind of several outsiders is involved in this affair. The question is whether the interests of individuals ought not be neglected in view of the importance of the publication of a veracious narrative of a whole life. I have sacrificed my own repose and given over my own person. Can't others risk their skins in a great and worthy enterprise? My book is not an *Ehrenrettung* or a book of purification. It is the analysis of a soul, an anatomical psychology.'

Albert Bonnier's resistance having prevailed, Strindberg resigned himself to the novel as the form to be employed. The letters were none the less preserved, and they appeared last year in a posthumous collection (*He and She*). They permit an instructive comparison, for the critic can here determine Strindberg's method and the sincerity of his avowals. He offers to posterity a true confession, a work so unique and so audacious, which lets in so crude a light

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upon the author's face, and brings to general psychology and to the knowledge and understanding of our time so precious a contribution, that it will suffice to make the name of Strindberg live through the future; and perhaps when his other books are forgotten, these letters will remain as a sort of testimony whose witness and whose terrible validity humanity will not dare to refuse.

When Strindberg wrote them, he regarded them as his supreme act, the final manifestation of his intellectual life. He recurs to this idea several times in the letters which we have just quoted: 'A sentiment which is concerned with the winding up of my affairs, perhaps a testament! The taste for literature is dead in me until I shall have finished my promenade across this dolorous existence.'

Perhaps this opinion was not necessary to urge him to absolute veracity. It did not the less contribute to relieve him of the last scruples which might rest on him. Public confessions, confessions *in extremis*, the voice of a dying man, tremble with an uneven accent; Strindberg believed himself to be dying. He is sincere, and the best witness to his sincerity is the violence of his accusations. A judge of himself, he spares neither his contemporaries nor society. All his fury bursts in this recital like the speech of a prosecuting attorney. No thought of contrition, but a mad frenzy, almost a perverted kind of joy, at opening his hurts, at displaying his wounds, all bloody, even the most secret and humiliating.

Two models haunted him: Goethe's *Poetry and Truth* and Rousseau's *Confessions*. He equals the first in the lucidity which he shows in the analysis of his own states of mind, a faculty rarely accorded to artists. Goethe fills us with admiration when he explains the genesis of *Werther;* Strindberg is not inferior to him when he sets forth the origins of *Master Olof;* but he is much closer to Jean-Jacques in temperament, in the sympathy of their ideas, and in a host of similar points which make one question sometimes whether one is not dealing with the same man.

When he began to write *The Son of a Servant* in Switzerland, Strindberg discovered Rousseau. What an adventure! By his plebeian origin, his innate democracy, his hereditary jealousy, and the suffering which he endured, by his natural eloquence, his fundamental lyricism, his delirious idea of being persecuted, his cynicism, his moralizing tendencies, his nature cult and his disdain of society, Rousseau prefigures Strindberg. Father and son, a relationship which does not exclude contrasts, do not bear closer resemblance to one another. Strindberg recognized his kin, and though he did not, and indeed could not, avow the paradox which established the undeniable romantic as the founder of Swedish naturalism, the evidence of the relationship startled him.

Their lots were similar and their misfortunes twin; a century apart fate repeated itself in detail. Strindberg lived over whole scenes from the *New Héloïse*. The delirium and the passionate sophisms of Saint-Preux had been the charm and torture of his days and nights, though he never said so. Wolmar wrote to his wife's lover: 'The wisest and dearest of women has just opened her heart to her happy husband. He thinks you worthy to have been loved by her and he opens his house to you. . . . You shall not go away from here without leaving a friend.' Strindberg had such letters from a captain of the Swedish guard, from which he was to give extracts in *A Fool's Confession*.

Such meetings of their minds, less fortuitous than one might think, exerted a decided influence. Without ac-

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tual imitation — for he never imitated — Strindberg composed *The Son of a Servant* under the influence of Rousseau. He owed to him the confirmation of his own scheme. An example was a perpetual spur to him. Moreover, it did not displease him to invoke illustrious forerunners who should serve him as apologists in the eyes of timorous readers. He cleared himself through Rousseau, just exactly as he was to use George Sand and Musset to refute the objections of his publisher to the publication of *He and She*.

He is sincere. He dissects pitilessly his own heart, his life, and the life going on about him. He is a painter so scrupulous as to characters and things that they are reborn through his pen, as if by the phenomena of necessary growth, according to their law, their volume, and their light, and they could not have sprung from reality in an aspect different from that which he assigns to them. Nothing human is foreign to him; no eye more like a perfect mirror ever contemplated the universe.

Does this mean that one ought to read him without criticism? It would be doing him an ill office to say that. He does not lie, he does not trim down the facts, he does not disfigure, but he does comment. He has too much prejudice; he comments and pretends to demonstrate; his narrative approaches falsehood and still pretends to be demonstrating. His story goes to the limit of his idea of the moment. One has to read him critically and always supply both testimony and exegesis.

Does he recall his infancy and youth? Do not forget that these memories found him in full tilt against domestic institutions and society itself. The fury of a violent emotional crisis turned him against woman. His misogyny, of which he never cured himself, is the ransom of a great love. His misanthropy knew nothing but enemies. Hence the black colors in which he daubs everything save the scenes of spring, the sweet grace and freshness of which he could not deny.

Born in Stockholm January 22, 1849, he belonged to a family originally from Angermanland, a province of the Northland where infiltrations of Finnish blood are not rare. His grandfather, Zacharias Strindberg, a grocer of the capital, had manifested artistic proclivities, and published some little dramas in the sentimental taste of the time. His father, Oskar Strindberg, grocer and commissioner of navigation, had married, late in life, an inn servant. The poet was born in a period of semi-poverty, but does not seem to have been ill used by those about him. He was a precocious child of great vivacity of spirit, open and free, beloved by his family. Such, at least, are the assertions of his countrymen.

Compare what they say with the story that he tells of his infancy. *The Son of a Servant* must be considered critically. So far as Strindberg adds to his memories in the interpretation, and where he permits the rancors, hates, and vengeances of the man to come in pell-mell, one cannot deny that he exceeds the higher truth. The author anticipates events, but he does not falsify their nature. The child would not analyze, but he would carry in himself the germ of all the troubles which were to break out and torture the adult, that impatient imagination, that pathological sensibility, and that temperament 'of a man flayed alive,' whose vigor he was never to temper and whose painful ardor he was never to calm.

All of Strindberg is in his autobiography, from the first pages. It is a replica of the *Confessions* of Rousseau, a document of the same order and importance, if not always of the same quality. Neither the prolixities nor the short-cuts of a stormy existence can be wholly matters of indifference.

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OUR RURAL REPORTER

BY P. SIROPOTININ

From *Petrograd Pravda, February 23, 24*
(Bolshevist Propaganda Newspaper)

The Kostroma-Polotsk train.—The people in the car for Kostroma are of various sorts: there is a speculator, the wife of a workman on the railroad, a woman carrying provisions, a city man on a leave of absence to look after family affairs, and many Red soldiers demobilized or on furlough. The farther we get from Petrograd the more the influence of the village is felt. By the time we leave Obuxovo, long conversations have started on what life is like in Russia now, about what and where you can get things, and how much they cost. Over the other voices rises that of a man formerly of Yaroslav, who may be a speculator or a Soviet specialist in forests, milk, or something else. He discourses eloquently about the wrongs of the peasants whose grain, cattle, hay, and other products are taken away by force. He exaggerates, giving isolated facts, so as to make a hopeless picture of the condition of the country people and of the wickedness and malice of the Soviet authorities. The Red soldiers are perplexed and either protest or ask questions. One happy fellow relates with enthusiasm stories of our military victories over the Whites; but listens with interest to the daily trifles of village life. He has not yet seen the village where he is to live, but already his nature of peasant proprietor is aroused, and by anticipation he instinctively feels hostile to the Communist regulations. Of course some Red soldiers are better instructed in our ideas and stand up for the village grain levies and labor conscription. But they are a minority, and are heckled and fairly overwhelmed with alleged facts.

The burden of all these stories is: They take everything from the peasant and give him nothing. Where is equality, where justice?

Ribinsk.—I am spending the night at the house of a certain house-painter. Again there is talk about village matters, again a recital of abuses, ignorance, Soviet bureaucratism. An old workman says: 'Not long ago a comrade and I reckoned it up, and it seems that in our Building Division there are for each workman four managers. And in the 'Soviet of People's Economy' there are one hundred and sixty-five employees; managers, commissars, technical engineers, foremen, yes, and the devil knows who-all; and they all write and give orders and there is n't a grain of usefulness that comes out of it. We are working now according to a fixed schedule. We wanted to do the work more quickly, but it was arranged just the opposite. When a thing is to be done in two days, we take two weeks to it. To get a hundred pounds of plaster, paint, or cement, you have to scurry around for a week or two. You wait and wait until they write out an order, then you wait for the signature on it, and later on it turns out that it has to be written over again because the things that are needed are not in the warehouse for which it is drawn. You happen to know in what warehouse the plaster and paint is; you ask them to

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make the order out for that; but no, they make it out for a place five versts off, from which you return with empty hands. Oh, what a system! It would be a good thing to get rid of three-quarters of these people who sit on the necks of the peasants and workmen.'

'Oh, our directors and our foremen! We have one foreman — he used to be a merchant, and he's a fine honest fellow; but he does n't know his business, and he gets ridicule instead of work out of his men. The specialists know how to go to work, what materials are needed, and how much to order. Not long ago we papered Ribinsk theatre, and it took three hundred rolls of wallpaper where only sixty were really needed. The foreman himself did not know, so he asked the workmen, "How much do you need, boys?" and they said, "Write down three hundred." Where did the two hundred and forty rolls go? They were stolen and sold in the market. And for other repair-work, if they need three pounds of nails they order twenty. And they steal what's left. So there is always plenty of everything at the market; matches, kerosene, soap, boots. All at speculators' prices. You can get what you want illegally, if you have the price; but legally, according to the law, neither the workman nor the peasant gets anything. You are allotted fifteen pounds of flour a month, and you have to get along on that as best you may. Now every workman is busy making things to sell. It's difficult for a single man to speculate successfully; but a family man has it fine. He works at the factory, makes pans, ploughshares, and buckets, and his wife exchanges these things for bread.'

Of course a good many of these stories are simply street gossip and fiction; but when the speaker mentions individuals and produces facts, one is obliged to believe him. Yes, really there are many irregularities, many failings, which we must remedy in time. These bad conditions merely bid us work and struggle the harder in order that they may become good. Unfortunately the peasants and frequently even the workmen don't reason this way. Although they evade the levies and hang back with their labor obligations, failing to deliver firewood on time, or to bring it to the railroad; although they are busy making things for themselves out of the materials belonging to the community; although they steal a great quantity of goods when unloading them, they do not blame their own demoralization and darkness, and dishonesty and ignorance for this — but the Soviet government.

In the Country. — I go from Ribinsk to a village. A driver whom I happened upon, an old peasant, asks me cautiously: 'Well, and how is it in Petrograd? They say there are Americans there.' I tell him about the Russian workmen from America, about the American business men and the concessions in Kamchatka. 'Well,' says the old man soothingly, 'here they say that they've sent the Americans out of Petrograd, since they're driving out all of our people. People don't know, but they talk.'

Someone wants to know if it is true that shops in Petrograd have been opened by Americans, and many of these Americans have come into Russia. It seems that in the village they took the Russian workmen-emigrants for American traders. The people of Yaroslav, who were formerly traders, scowl and whisper, 'Here they've destroyed our own Russian trade and now they're letting the Americans set up in our place.'

How easily the peasant credits any sort of made-up story, and how quick he is to disbelieve our truth. His instinct for property leads him to it.

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We are driving very slowly. The horse is jogging along but seems in poor condition. 'Well, devil, what's the matter with you? Go on!' the peasant shouts now and then.

'Don't you give him oats?' I ask.

'What? Why there ain't enough for ourselves.'

The wind blows across the empty, snowy plain. It is cold and damp. The gray clouds hanging low lend the landscape still deeper melancholy. Only the old birches along the main road relieve the monotony of the view. This is an old, old, unvarying picture. This plain, these clouds, the birches, the old nag, the sledge, and the peasant himself, are alike, related, monotonous and changeless. What if there should come here electricity, machines, smoke, movement!

The second half of the road from Ribinsk is not so dead. In the forest there is a great stock of firewood being cut. Thieving and waste are likewise evident here. In the southern forests a great deal of the finest timber is cut down for fuel. The men at work getting out firewood think only about finishing their stint as quickly and easily as possible. They fell the tree, cut off two or three cords from the thick end for firewood, and throw away the whole top. In the places where they have been cutting there are masses of such tops and branches. In some places one can see a large quantity of seasoned wood which could have been used for construction purposes. Frequently a dead tree is standing; but no one thinks of cutting down this dead stuff for fuel instead of the 'live' wood. There is an unusual amount of killed timber since the fires of last summer. These fires burned not only the moss and upper layer of leaves and bark, but also deep down into the turfy forest soil and the roots of the trees. Unless the Forestry Department looks after these dead trees they will become useless rotten wood within a year. And we really must abandon our present wasteful ways of handling our forests. It would not be difficult to order those who oversee the cutting, to direct the workmen to leave the trees of good size and to stack the branches in piles.

In the Village. — I came to the village, and there was met by the same stories. 'They take everything away from us, and don't give us anything.' At present the principal grievance of the villagers is compulsory-labor service for cutting and hauling firewood. Soviet administrative machinery for this has been created, and is not bad, but it is clear that in many ways this machinery is still rather bureaucratic. Central authorities work out instructions for hauling firewood, in which they give not only the quantity to be hauled but also the date for finishing the work; but they have no knowledge of actual conditions in the locality to guide them. The Provincial Forest Committee and the Provincial Labor Bureau instruct the District Labor Bureau and the District Forest Committee; they instruct the Cantonal Labor Committee and the latter passes the order on to the local soviets; but meantime the actual work goes ahead rather slowly. For example, in the localities where I was, the instructions provided that hauling firewood should begin the fifteenth of November and continue until the fifteenth of March; but when the work had hardly started it was interrupted by a new order, to begin cutting timber again. Even peasants who had horses went to cut wood. As a result the hauling of the wood which had been got ready was left to be done later; perhaps it will be delayed until the season of bad roads; and then, of course, it will not be done at all.

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Our railroads and factories are experiencing a fuel crisis because the firewood which has been cut has not been delivered to the railway stations or factories. The railroads are operating irregularly because they lack fuel or have to use green wood cut hurriedly along the line. As a result the railroads do not transport fuel and raw materials to the factories on schedule. Meantime our forest workers apathetically and indifferently muddle their work, doing things hind-side-foremost. First they cut wood for 1922, and then they haul wood cut for 1921. The peasants laugh maliciously.

'We do everything backwards. We cut wood last year and we burned it up, now we are cutting more, and we'll burn that again in the forest next summer.'

The Levy. — The levy is causing less unrest in the village. This may be because it is somewhat delayed and also because it is being collected by the local boards themselves. The latter, though they are not ideal agents for this, have worked out a sort of system of their own. If we recall the howl that formerly reached us from the village, because of the lawless acts of the authorities, we have reason to feel that Soviet local self-government has made real progress. Of course the village administrations still have many failings, especially bureaucratism. They frequently disregard the needs of the population, and enforce all the instructions of the central government without modification. For example, in collecting the levy of wool, — which, to tell the truth, was done at the right time: in the winter, that is, and not in the fall, — it was discovered that the peasants, even those who had sheep, could not furnish their quotas. Why? They had already used the wool for their own needs, mainly to make their winter felt boots. The peasants did not refuse to furnish the wool demanded, but they asked that delivery be put off until February, which is the time for the winter shearing. But the authorities replied, 'The quota must be furnished at once, or we shall send an armed force to get it.' So the peasants had either to borrow or to buy wool. In another analogous case they took all last year's hay crop from the peasants of Feodorits, so that some of them had to get straw to feed their cattle.

The local officials have a way of promising to furnish the peasant with things in return for his products, in order to get them more easily, and then not giving him anything.

'They say, "give us milk and we will give you salt and manufactured goods"; but when the time comes they allow only forty rubles a *pud* for the milk, and let the peasant eat his cabbage soup without salt.'

'There was never before on Bshivka Hill (in Ribinsk) such a time of distress as the peasant is going through now.'

But this distress is not universal. Over in Kapel beyond Mologya, where there is much grain, the peasants are not only getting along very well, but they've got by barter gold watches and fox furs.

In conclusion let me say a few words about the mobilization of skilled workers. The mobilization has been completed, and half of the skilled men have managed to be left at home, in some sort of a government job, which usually is not in their special trade. The rest of them have been assembled in Ribinsk, at the factories, although not all of them, especially the carpenters and other craftsmen, are needed there. You know if a factory or mill cannot run to capacity because it lacks raw materials, fuel, or some other essential thing, you cannot remedy it by send-

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ing more workmen there. Quite the contrary. Not only do those who have just been mobilized wander idly about through the works, but they interfere with the old workmen, and lessen their output.

Why is it, that in Petrograd it is forbidden to start new enterprises or trades because of the lack of workmen, while those at Ribinsk are busy only two or three days a week?

I noticed as something new in the villages, that in the crowds there is more quarreling, and in the parish more divorces. The latter phenomenon has taken on a mass character. Not only the young people become divorced but also old couples who have two sons in the Red Army and a daughter engaged to be married. And their faith is not so strong. The political revolution and its extension — the economic shaking-up — are moving religion from a dead centre.

All the accounts I received of the peasants' life lead to one conclusion: conditions in the villages are very, very bad. The city working-classes must give special attention to this. They must make a great effort to satisfy both their own requirements and those of the peasants. No matter what happens, we must give the peasants salt, cloth, kerosene, soap, nails and agricultural implements. We Communists must give as much attention as possible to the villages, send our comrades most experienced in economic matters to them, improve our supervision of the local boards and councils, call unceasingly upon the best sons of the village to coöperate with us.

THE INFLUENCE OF HENLEY

BY W. B. NICHOLS

From *The Poetry Review, May–June*
(English Bi-Monthly Magazine of Verse)

A hundred years hence the critic of Georgian poetry, looking back upon it from the high table-land of his autocratic omniscience, will probably write learnedly about the formative influence of William Ernest Henley. We, if we may presume to prophesy, can trace the gist of his argument; it will largely be concerned with *vers libre*. Alas, the path of the critic and historiographer of poetry is not only a thorny one, it is likewise full of pitfalls. This particular good gentleman will be quite wrong. But the tragedy of the matter is, that he ought to be quite right.

It is not Henley's fault; it is only in a minor degree the fault of the Georgian poets; it is the fault mainly of the publishers, with, probably, a certain degree of responsibility attaching to that fingerer in most pies, circumstance. If Henley's poems had been easily and cheaply accessible during the last decade, the Georgian poets would doubtlessly have hailed him as their chief forerunner; as it is, not one in many a dozen of them has read him, and therefore his direct influence upon them has been to seek. . . .

The inevitable question will now arise in the minds of readers: Why is the poetry of Henley worth such fond care? And, after all, is it? Let us try to see.

It has its limitations; so has the

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poetry of the Georgians, to say nothing of the poetry of the Elizabethans. But it also has its merits, and they are intimately abiding. He has two salient characteristics; a delicacy that is almost robust and a robustness that is almost delicate. His lyrics especially show such a robust delicacy as is here meant; they are direct and forceful, yet not rugged; they are full of feeling, yet not sentimental; they are limpid in handling, yet not wavering. Indeed, possibly the fault of not being sufficiently inconsequent is occasionally attributable to them. Herein, perhaps, can be seen the influence of Byron, a poet whom Henley admired. The antithesis to the art of Henley is, in consequence, the art of such poets as Shelley on the one hand and Blake on the other. Henley's lyricism never vapors; it is of the earth earthy, though that particular earth bears a great mass of flowers; it is soft earth, not dried mud.

But beyond the influence of Byron — and that influence is not too apparent and hardly ever so in mere technique — there is the individual touch of the poet himself, and this makes his lyrics, at any rate the best of them, join together to form a *genre* that is very nearly unique. The admixture of atmosphere in them, especially as the atmosphere is not an end in itself but only an underlying accompaniment to the emotion, gives them a note that is entirely Henley's own. Read, for example, the following: —

The night dislimns, and breaks
  Like snows slow thawn;
An evil wind awakes
  On lea and lawn;
The low East quakes; and hark!
Out of the kindless dark,
A fierce, protesting lark,
  High in the horror of dawn!

A shivering streak of light,
  A scurry of rain:
Bleak day from bleaker night
  Creeps pinched and fain;
The old gloom thins and dies,
And in the wretched skies
A new gloom, sick to rise,
  Sprawls, like a thing in pain.

And yet, what matter — say! —
  The shuddering trees,
The Easter-stricken day,
  The sodden leas?
The good bird, wing on wing
With Time, finds heart to sing,
As he were hastening
  The swallow o'er the seas.

What atmosphere there is in that, in the first two verses especially! Yet how artistically subordinate is the atmosphere to the emotion. Every stroke in the whole poem leads up to the final four lines.

But Henley's lyrics are not all of this pattern. He can write a song which, for singing quality, matches the lyrists of the Cavalier epoch. The following makes an excellent foil and contrast to the poem already quoted.

O, gather me the rose, the rose,
  While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
  And winter waits behind it!

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
  The deed forborne forever,
The worm, regret, will canker on,
  And Time will turn him never.

So well it were to love, my love,
  And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
  The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
  The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
  The memories that follow!

Even in this delicate piece of flute music there is a robustness which lifts it from the sentimental. His songs are strenuous with a mental vitality which takes for its verse-clothing a certain physical vitality of metre. It is possibly this metrical robustness which made Henley so naturally begin working in the medium of *vers libre*.

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Henley's principal predecessor in the handling of *vers libre* in English is Matthew Arnold, who derived it — but with what a loss of flavor in the process! — from Goethe and Heine. However, be this as it may, there is little similarity between the *vers libre* of Henley and the *vers libre* of Arnold. Henley's is built after a fashion of his own; it is heavier in its march and, though heavier, more musical, despite Arnold's habit of being anapæstic. Above all, it is not prose sliced into contortion, a type of verse for the eye rather than the ear — and even then for an astigmatic eye! It remains verse, with each line a definite metrical unit, and has certain affinities with the choruses in *Samson Agonistes*. In one particular, especially, is it different from Georgian *vers libre:* it sometimes uses rhyme. Consequently it is nearer to French *vers libre* than to German, and in this fact lies the essential diversity in Henley's use of it and Arnold's, though, indeed, some of Arnold's does not eschew the grace of the syllabic chime. *London Voluntaries* forms the outstanding example of Henley's rhyming *vers libre*, and in that collection the iambic beat is fairly persistent, and maybe a confirmed Georgian would consider it illegitimate and on a level with a sonnet of fifteen lines. Therefore, as a sop to Cerberus — a sop designed to make 'several gentlemen at once' have an appetite for Henley's poetry by tickling their palates with something choice by way of *hors-d'œuvres* — we quote a passage from a poem in *vers libre* of that type calculated to mislead the future critic of Georgian verse form.

The spell-bound ships stand as at gaze
To let the marvel by. The gray road glooms . . .
Glimmers . . . goes out . . . and there, O, there
where it fades,
What grace, what glamour, what wild will,
Transfigure the shadows? Whose,
Heart of my heart, Soul of my soul, but yours?
Ghosts — ghosts — the sapphirine air
Teems with them even to the gleaming ends
Of the wild day-spring! Ghosts,
Everywhere — everywhere — till I and you
At last — dear love, at last! —
Are in the dreaming, even as Life and Death,
Twin ministers of the unoriginal Will.

That is not prose chopped up into lines; it has a rhythmic beat, which seems to gather momentum as we read, and to pulse with emotion. Chopped prose cannot do that. It is, in more ways than one, a tragedy that Henley has not had more influence over the Georgians. Alas, that our critical gentleman, as foreshadowed in our first paragraph, will be so wrong!

To assess either the originality or the value of the poetical work of Henley is not easy. In the first place he is that unfortunate artist who comes in a transitional period; he is a link rather than a landmark. In the next place he did not deal with any resounding theme which could catch the imagination of mankind by its subject-matter, irrespective of its treatment. Henley's variety lies not so much in his themes as in the vitality of his presentation of feelings which, in their very humanities, are necessarily unoriginal. The seasons have nothing original about them; beauty itself is the most hackneyed of phenomena. Lyrical poetry is, at its best, probably the least original of all the arts, because it deals almost solely with the simple and primitive emotions of the individual heart. Henley's place is nearer to poets like Lovelace and Herrick — though entirely different from them in tone, temper, and type — than to poets like Browning and Tennyson. That is to say, he is a poet who will live by his lyrical quality rather than by any interpretation of life or society. In its limits his work is more deeply impregnated with thoughtful emotion than either Lovelace's or Herrick's; but it is no more a 'criticism of life' than theirs, and that is perhaps

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why, in an age so wrapt up in the following after gods that are not æsthetic, — deities such as socialism, spiritualism, schism, and antinomianism, — he has seemed to have no 'message' for the super-enlightened youth of the present decade.

Henley's influence has not been upon the Georgians; but it may be discoverable later on in the post-Georgian reaction.

Perhaps in a way he is too individual to have disciples, especially as he is not the giver forth of a new philosophy, but is a lyrical poet alone. Even when he is descriptive, as in the *London Voluntaries*, it is the lyrical feeling behind the picture which makes it memorable. Above all, he is the lord of the adjective. He places his adjectives with the skill of a mediæval captain ordering his line of battle; they have a fighting quality, they make his verse hit you in the face. There is also at times a sort of kinship with Francis Thompson in this: in such a poem as the elegy upon Queen Victoria it is sometimes as if the hand of Thompson could be detected, but it is the hand of a Thompson de-catholicized, de-latinized. The kinship is entirely an æsthetic one, in the cunning of the artifice whereby the right syllabification makes the color-emphasis of a passage ring true.

But it is only poets themselves who appreciate such a matter as that; and the reading public requires something more germane to the commoner issues of human endeavor. And what are they especially likely to find in the poems of Henley? A brave outlook, emotion that does not degenerate into sentimentality, and a power of expressing the primitive feelings that we all have about life and death. Henley makes an ideal bedside breviary; he also makes an equally ideal companion upon a holiday, both in the open air, surrounded by the fierce cleanliness of nature, and by an inn fire, when the logs are crackling and the pastoral music is becoming mute in the fields and meadows around.

The companion volume of his essays is one of very great interest for the literary student. The essays on Fielding, Smollett, and Burns are the best, and he says some admirable things. His estimate of Fielding could hardly be bettered, and is own brother to the well-known article by Thackeray. The essay on Burns is more provocative, especially when he is dealing with Burns the man; but, unless one is a Scotsman, it is not apparent that Henley strays far from the truth, while his remarks on the poetry of Burns are singularly illuminating on a poet who has been so frequently — and so wildly — estimated by the sentimental and the nationally enthusiastic. Burns wrote many masterpieces; he also wrote many pieces of verse that are very other. Henley's essay, written as the introduction to an edition of Burns, is perhaps the sanest and most adequate criticism that Burns, the man and the poet, has received. It has permanent value.

The notes on 'Byron's World' are intensely interesting to the student of that period; and Byron, more than almost any other English poet, needs studying in the light of his social surroundings. This essay also is of permanent value.

Henley seems, on the other hand, less happy when he ventures into the realms of foreign literature. His two short articles on 'Balzac as he Was' and 'The Two Hugos,' while full of very true and very shrewd observation, seem to betray him as out of real sympathy with the essential Balzac and the essential Hugo. Hugo is, of course, an easy mark for satire and depreciation; so is Balzac, though in a different way; and the English critic is rarely the man to assess the value of either of them when it is a question of being very

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English and judging the very French. Henley is as exasperating to the real student of Balzac and Hugo as is Robert Louis Stevenson when writing upon Hugo's romances. Neither Henley nor Stevenson had the proper feeling for either the work or the personalities of Balzac or Hugo. It is particularly difficult, however, to sustain this argument, since neither Stevenson nor Henley is guilty of really false statement or foolish criticism; it is not that what they say is wrong, but that what they do not say would be so much more right.

AMERICA THE MORNING AFTER

BY DR. C. DUMBA

[Dr. Dumba, it will be recalled, was the last ambassador of Austria-Hungary at Washington. His interpretation of American sentiment and policy is interesting, both for that reason and because it will be accepted — at least by the German reading public — as more authoritative than most articles on this subject.]

From *Neue Freie Presse, May* 8
(Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily)

Every American who has any opinion at all regarding his government's foreign policy instinctively recurs to Washington's political testament, which he left in his Farewell Address to Congress at the conclusion of his second term as president. It culminates in the formula — no entangling foreign alliances. This was a natural warning to a weak, young, half-organized state; but we should recall that Lord Salisbury, flushed with the consciousness of Britain's mighty power, coined more than a century later the winged words, 'England's splendid isolation.' The American counterpart to that attitude of Great Britain is the Monroe Doctrine, the theory that the whole American hemisphere is to be preserved immune from European usurpation. This doctrine, which has been the cornerstone of American foreign policy since 1823, goes back rather remarkably to a suggestion by Canning, who thereby promptly punctured a plan of the Holy Alliance to recover the revolting Spanish colonies in America for the King of Spain. Originally it was only a protest against the interference of Europe in the domestic affairs of the young Latin-American republics. It was laid down as a fundamental principle that European powers must not interfere with the self-chosen political institutions of an American state, or threaten the latter's independence.

Later, this doctrine was developed into the principle of 'America for Americans.' This applies to the whole continent, both north and south of the Equator. No European power was to be permitted to occupy, as a colony, any portion of these territories, whether settled or not. The Yankees regarded themselves as chosen by Providence to be the masters of North America. They were confirmed in this conviction by the singular ease with which they conquered Mexico, and extended their

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boundaries to the west and south. The Spanish War, which brought Cuba and the Philippines under American control, was the high-water mark of American imperialism, which thereby repudiated the limitations of the Monroe Doctrine and stretched forth its tentacles toward distant Asia. The formula 'America for Americans' had already become, in essence, 'America for the United States'—at least, North and Central America.

With the completion of the Panama Canal, the protean Monroe Doctrine entered a new phase, in order to defend this indispensable sea-route. The United States could not tolerate a foreign naval station in the Caribbean Sea, even at a distance of several hundred miles. That of course developed at once into the dictum that the Caribbean Sea must be exclusively American waters—a theory that might have caused a conflict with England if the Federal Government had not put a damper on its champions.

A people bursting with wealth and energy, constantly reinvigorated by new blood from Europe, is bound to make financial and economic ventures far beyond its political borders. Soon Cuban plantations, and Mexican haciendas and mines, were falling into American hands. In Central America this movement met the competition of German banks and merchants. Whenever differences arose with the authorities of revolution-harried countries, like Haiti and Santo Domingo, the United States made short shift of their governments, sending a war vessel to seize their harbors and customs-houses, and to compel them to submit to their decisions. Yankees often inspired a change in administration in their own favor, or even erected a new government outright, as in the case of Panama. These tactics came to be known as 'dollar diplomacy' and the 'big-stick policy.' The United States was characterized as a policeman with a club, maintaining order on the continent.

Very naturally, these usurpations by their northern neighbor caused resentment and suspicion in the Spanish-American republics. It was not an easy matter for Washington statesmen to persuade their southern colleagues to join the so-called Pan-American Union, which was originally intended to serve the Yankee trade interests, but more recently has been extended to include cultural and social objects. A Pan-American Congress is held every four years, usually in a different capital—Washington, Rio de Janeiro, or Buenos Aires. The Pan-American Bureau has its headquarters at Washington, in a magnificent palace erected by the munificence of Carnegie. Its assistance in facilitating trade, exchange, and other forms of intercourse, has drawn the Spanish-speaking republics closer together, and they are trying to make the so-called 'A B C' powers—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—a counterpoise to the United States. These three countries protest that they are able to manage their own affairs, and do not need the United States to defend them against European aggression. All the governments of the Pan-American Union have concluded arbitration treaties with each other, and have bound themselves to submit their disputes to a Pan-American tribunal; so they already form a kind of American League of Nations.

As logical corollaries of the Monroe Doctrine, we had 'Europe for the Europeans' and 'Asia for the Asiatics.' Washington has been generally consistent in observing this principle, although the annexation of the Philippines by Roosevelt the Imperialist is an exception. Wilson and the Democratic Party opposed the expansionist policy of their predecessor, and put

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through a law to grant the Philippines gradual autonomy and eventual complete independence. Their peace programme, and advocacy of a reduction of naval armament, seemed to promise neutrality in the World War. Since Wilson, however, had promised his fellow citizens prosperity as well as peace, and the country was drifting toward a serious industrial crisis, he had to permit them to manufacture and deliver vast quantities of munitions and war-supplies to the Allies at high prices. The immense profits from this business, plus the ties of blood and speech between America and England, and the skillful but misleading propaganda of Lord Northcliffe, swung sentiment toward the Entente. In spite of that, the Americans were overwhelmingly in favor of peace all through 1915 and 1916; and it took Wilson's explicit promise to keep out of war to win him the election the latter year. He owed his victory to the votes of the Irish and of the Germans in the West and Middle West.

It has always been a psychological riddle, what made Wilson abandon his consistent and strict neutrality immediately after the election and join the Allied procession; and why, when it was too late to accomplish anything, he offered hesitatingly to mediate in favor of peace — only to be defeated, of course, by Germany's ill-advised declaration of a relentless submarine campaign. By entering the war and bringing about a speedy victory, Wilson won a brief period of unexampled popularity, which reached its climax with his reception at Paris. We are not bound to assume that Wilson's Fourteen Points were endorsed without reserve by most of the practical business men, trust captains, and banking leaders of his country. Nevertheless, thousands of enthusiastic Americans went to war honestly believing that the whole world, and even the United States, was threatened by German militarism, and that they were fighting for freedom, civilization, the oppressed nations, and enduring peace. After the burst of enthusiasm which followed their victory, the people quickly cooled off. During the tedious delays of the Armistice and the Peace Conference, they came to realize what a frost to their high hopes and ideals the actual treaty was. The nation had sacrificed one hundred and twenty thousand of its best young men, and many billions of dollars, to win vast colonies in Africa and Asia for the British Empire, to guarantee Great Britain control of the sea, and to help France quench her thirst for revenge and set herself up as dictator of Europe.

After falling out with Wilson, Lansing testified angrily, before the Senate Committee for Foreign Affairs, that he could not recall that the famous Fourteen Points were ever mentioned during the discussions at Versailles. Wilson himself had to admit that he arrived in Paris utterly ignorant of the various secret treaties with Italy, the Yugoslavs, and the Czechs, which later were to decide the terms of the Versailles Treaty and the Treaty of Saint-Germain. The senators, whom the President had constantly disregarded and refused to consult, and with whom he maintained scarcely any personal relations, were indignant at his utter failure, at his obstinacy, and at his weakness in surrendering everything else at Paris in order to get his pet idea, the League of Nations, incorporated in the treaty. This feeling explains the violent reaction against Wilson's policy and the peace treaty in the United States, and the refusal of the Senate to ratify the latter. The whole electoral campaign was fought on the anti-Wilson and anti-League issue. The League was represented as

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a foreign super-state, whose supremacy was incompatible with the sovereignty and freedom of the Union. The outcome was Wilson's crushing defeat, and the election of Harding, a traditionalist Republican.

Therefore it was to be expected that the new President would come out definitely in his inaugural address against America joining the League. Non-intervention in the affairs of the old world was the text of this message. Without quoting Washington directly, he condemned entanglement in European controversies. He declared himself emphatically opposed to permanent military alliances. The United States could not incur political or economic obligations, to be interpreted and enforced by an authority outside the country. His repudiation of the Geneva League of Nations in its present form was strengthened by his statement that the freedom and sovereignty of the United States were incompatible with any super-government.

On the other hand, the message warmly advocated international cooperation to prevent war. The United States is ready to coöperate with all nations, both large and small, in devising means to promote disarmament on land and sea. Harding seeks to prevent and discourage aggressive war. He desires closer ties and understanding with other nations. He promises to make proposals for conciliation, mediation, and arbitration. He hopes that international relations may be improved by codifying international law, and recommends the appointment of an international tribunal to settle controversies in accordance with recognized principles of law and justice, when such controversies have been voluntarily submitted to it by the disputants. But though the United States may not join the League for an indefinite time to come, there is nothing to prevent the members of the League joining the United States in organizing an international tribunal of the kind suggested by the President. Such an arrangement would have the great advantage that the decisions of a court thus voluntarily appealed to by governments would gradually form a code of international customary law common to all civilized states.

The Americans have also suggested, with a view to utilizing the Monroe Doctrine, that the Pan-American Union as a whole might enter into an arrangement with the League of Nations, as a predominantly European institution, by which the Pan-American Union would take over all the executive functions of the League of Nations in the Western Hemisphere. This would practically exclude European governments from intervening in American controversies. Canada, which does not belong to the Pan-American Union, would remain in the League of Nations. What would the Spanish-American republics do? Would they have to resign from the League? If not, they would be playing a double rôle, which might cause trouble. To divide the nations up by continents would be a great step backward, and would lessen the prestige of the World League. Unless very skillfully managed, it would merely substitute a new division among the countries of the earth for the older one. . . .

In any case, the League is already a going organization. I personally convinced myself at Geneva that it is able and anxious to do useful service. The International Labor Bureau, especially, is proving most valuable in preparing the way for better social-welfare laws and in gathering facts about emigration. It would be a great misfortune to discontinue this work so auspiciously begun, merely to try some new experiment. I believe that we ought to wait

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until we see how the present scheme works out. Everything is shifting and unsettled. New organisms cannot be made offhand. They are the fruit of slow evolution.

One thing is sure. The danger of a tremendous war between the two Anglo-Saxon nations and Japan already clouds the horizon. Lord Parmoor, President of the 'Fight-the-Famine Council,' mentioned in a very characteristic way, during his recent visit here, six grievances which every American carries around in his notebook; Ireland, the Japanese race-problem, the Mesopotamia oil question, Yap, the merchant marine, and the navy. Forty million Yankees sympathize with Ireland. Canada and Australia side with the United States on the race-question. These dangerous, inflammable materials may at any moment flash into spontaneous combustion, starting a new world-conflagration. I see only one safeguard against that fearful peril — a peril that threatens the very existence of civilization. It is some agreement looking toward disarmament. If human folly has its way, and some great soul is not given us who will lead the world to peace, society is headed, beyond saving, straight toward anarchy and ruin.

The only ray of hope is that Americans may see that their own stake in the business solidarity of the world — their imperative need of a restored world-trade — compels them to help Europe regain its feet. That kind of coöperation may lead to still other things. Anything is better than an armed peace — a peace based on alliances and counter-alliances and artificial balances of power. For such devices automatically convert every local conflict into a world war. Whether we have the League of Nations or some looser union, we must have some world-embracing institution, which will make impossible, or at least extremely difficult, a repetition of such a catastrophe as we have just experienced.

A RED GUARDIST'S NARRATIVE. I

BY C. S.

[*The author is a former Austrian officer who was about to take his doctorate in chemistry at the University of Zurich when the war broke out. He was captured in the first campaign and spent six years in Siberia and Russia.*]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, April* 1, 3, 24
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

I experienced many privations and adventures and went through much mental struggle before I decided to join the Red Army. I had been a student at Zurich for five years before the war and had almost completed my course when its storm broke. Summoned back to Austria in August 1914, to take my position as reserve lieutenant in the First Imperial Regiment of Tyrol Jägers, I departed with my troops for the Galician front. I had been in service scarcely three weeks when I was seriously wounded during

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the Austrian retreat from Lemberg and left on the field of battle. The advancing Russians picked me up, sent me to a hospital at Kieff and, after my recovery, forwarded me by a twenty-one days' railway journey to Atschink in Siberia.

Years passed in dreary imprisonment — imprisonment in the literal sense of the word. Three small buildings in a narrow enclosure surrounded by a high plank fence housed two hundred officers. We did not leave that enclosure for two years and a half. We did not catch a glimpse of the world outside, we had no mental distraction, and although we were well fed and provided for, ennui made this the hardest period of my imprisonment. When the first revolution occurred, things became better. We were taken to an immense prison camp at Krasnojarsk which at times held 10,000 men. Life was more varied. We had an abundance of change. For a year and a half I was employed in this camp as manager of a soap factory. Following that, I worked on my own account for nine months as superintendent of an industrial-chemistry laboratory. Subsequently, when all such industries went to wreck, I worked for nine months as a wood chopper in the primeval Siberian forest, leading a real Wild West life. When I returned to the prison camp, an epidemic of spotted typhus was raging, and I was put in charge of one of the hospitals. That was my last service before I joined the Red Army.

As long as the typhus outbreak raged, I had enough to do and enough to eat. But the hospital was situated inside the prison camp and provisions were constantly getting scantier. Every day, we were given half-a-pound of bread, and cabbage soup, if times were good. But times were not always good, and our bread rations became more and more irregular. First we lacked wood for baking, then the flour supply stopped. Eventually the epidemic wore itself out. Thereupon, the hospital was closed and I was left without the means of livelihood. What should I do? Together with a man who had been my best friend for years, I scoured the vicinity for employment without finding anything. There was no way to earn our bread, no opportunity to get back home.

The Red Army was our only recourse to escape starvation. That was the principal recruiting inducement with the Bolsheviki. It was the solid bond which held the army together and made it such a power in powerless Russia. A man who has never been in a country where actual famine prevails, cannot appreciate how this single question of getting something to eat finally becomes more important than anything else in the world, and completely controls the acts and morals of the individual and the community. We struggled long and bitterly against the idea of joining the Red Army. Like all my companions in the prison camp, I had acquired more radical ideas as time went by. That was the general tendency in every belligerent country, so I do not need to justify myself for that. We prisoners, in addition, felt absolutely deserted and neglected by our own governments. We did not hear a word from them or their representatives for six years — except, on one occasion, a solemn greeting from the Kaiser and a box of military decorations! Notwithstanding this, it was a hard decision to make. We could not endorse the Bolshevist doctrine. Men of bourgeois birth and education, with academic training and the prejudices and predilections of an officer, cannot consent in their hearts to a dictatorship of the proletariat. We first talked shamefacedly and hesitatingly of the

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bare possibility of joining the Red Army, and discussed the matter as a pure question of theory, each trying to find out what the other really thought. We would talk about bread, and the soup, and the *kasha*, or gruel, which were issued to the Red Guards. When you have not tasted a mouthful for two days, such conversation makes an impression. We would say: 'They're getting two pounds of bread a day in the Red Army!' Every job in Russia was valued only by the amount of bread it brought a man. Money had become so worthless that you never mentioned it in talking of wages.

So after the hospital was shut up for good, and the prospect of getting food from any other source proved hopeless, we began to think seriously of this step. We made our decision, however, on the spur of the moment. A car of the 'First International Brigade' drew up in the camp to enlist new soldiers and take them along. When we looked at the well-fed drivers with their contented, self-satisfied faces under their red-starred caps, we suddenly made up our minds. Running back to the barracks, we gathered together our little possessions, — a mattress, a blanket, a tea-kettle and a few scraps of clothing, — threw them on the wagon, wrote our names in a register and, five minutes later, were rolling out of the camp with thirteen other comrades on our way over the prairie to the town. Our party of fifteen consisted partly of officers and partly of privates. We were all classed officially as, 'foreign proletarians.'

Our first employment was as teamsters with the wagon train which had just been enlarged by a general requisition of horses. The word 'train' sounded all right, for the principal labor, we assumed, would be done by the horses, and we felt a tender interest in the things the horses would haul. So we were well content with our assignment. As soon as we reached the town, we were taken to a barracks and, half an hour later, received our first allotment of bread, tobacco, and matches. Yet we had a feeling of humiliation in our hearts. New recruits of the Red Army, previously imperial jäger officers! When we were called to the colors in the summer of 1914, our heads were filled with dreams of decorations, honors, promotions — and here was where we came out! Teamsters in the Red Army! Yet we had supper with soup and *kasha*. So we laughed at the irony of fate and felt relieved to be free at last from prison life and in the way of sometime going home — our real and only purpose.

Since we really knew something about military science, it was an interesting experience to study the famous and infamous Red Army. The first thing we noted was that our original idea of this organization was utterly false. In a country where nothing runs properly, where disorganization is normal and universal — and I mean a disorganization which a Swiss is utterly incapable of conceiving — we naturally expected something of the same kind in the army. Strange to say — but it is true, nevertheless — the Red Army is well organized and works excellently. Could it have accomplished what it has otherwise? Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel and the others have been conquered and crushed, although they were abundantly supplied with the best of war materials, while the Red Army had little or none of these things. I was still serving in the typhus hospital when Kolchak's army collapsed. The White troops retreated eastward from Omsk with the Red forces on their heels. They were two days passing our prison camp. It was a remarkable sight; thousands of sleds dragging over the steppes with weary, hopeless men.

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They were cheered on with the promise: 'Across the Yenisei, Japanese troops are waiting. They will receive the fugitives and supply them with what they need.' But when they reached that river, no Japanese were on hand, and the troops promptly scattered in every direction. More than 30,000, including many officers with their wives and children, were captured and given the choice of volunteering in the Red Army or starving. Incredible supplies of clothing, shoes, linen, and munitions fell into the hands of the Red Army at Omsk. There was enough to reëquip the whole Bolshevist military establishment. One of my first duties was to allot these supplies. Hundreds of wagons kept arriving from Omsk with them. We, personally, got a new and, let me add, first-class outfit. I am still using the shoes I received at that time for my mountain tours in Switzerland. My Red Guardist comrades would often tell me how grateful they were to the bourgeois governments for so kindly carrying on war against them, for this was the only way in which they could get such excellent supplies.

Is it possible to subdue Russia by force of arms? Great Napoleon tried it and failed; Hindenburg, Kolchak, and Wrangel had no better success. The only thing that supports Bolshevism is the Red Army. Take away from Russia an excuse for fighting and maintaining an army, and Bolshevism goes down. For ninety-nine per cent of the people outside that army are against the Bolsehviki. Every man in the army is personally interested in keeping the government going; for he has a glorious time and everything he wants — so long as the army stays. Since food-control is absolutely centralized, and the army collects the provisions and distributes them, it is quite natural that the soldiers first take what they need. The leavings, which are mighty small, go to the rest of the people. Some rare articles of food, such as sugar, are found only in the army. Therefore, Bolshevist Russia lives under a militarism, compared with which the famous Prussian militarism was the purest democracy.

Every peasant is against the government, because he cannot carry his crops to market, since private trade is forbidden, and there is nothing but worthless paper money in circulation. Consequently the peasant cannot get the tools and implements and household supplies he needs. He is expected to give, give, give — and never get anything in return. More than that, however, the workingmen are all against the government because they go hungry and have less freedom than ever. The peasant out in the country, especially if he lives a little distance from the railway, does not go hungry. He has plenty of corn and wheat and pigs and cows. But conditions in the cities are frightful. However, I will leave that until later.

It is a very common but absolutely false idea that the Red Army is made up of worthless scoundrels. I was astonished to find what respectable men most of the Red Guardists were. The Bolsheviki themselves have the greatest interest in keeping doubtful elements out of their forces, for they depend on their troops to maintain order. Their system of discipline is quite different from that in our older armies. The latter depended upon iron obedience, and it did not make much difference what kind of men they used that system on. But the idea in the Red Army, is to enlist only good reliable people who will, of their own accord, maintain order and discipline because they themselves appreciate how necessary these are. The kind of drill which we had in a Prussian regiment in 1914

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is never given in the Red Army. I used to think in my old army days that we did everything in our power to make army life disagreeable and unpleasant for recruits. The Bolsheviki do precisely the reverse. They do everything in their power to make military service pleasant and easy. The final result is the same. The discipline and training are excellent, and most of the soldiers are convinced Socialists. The old, foolish idea of soldiers' councils, and letting the soldiers elect their officers, was done away with long ago. Nevertheless, the authorities are shrewd enough to flatter the self-respect of the soldiers, and to allow them to hold mass meetings and take votes as much as they want to, so long as these affect only non-essential things. While I was in the Red Service, we had several such meetings in our company to change cooks and commissary employees. The soldiers, who were mostly old veterans from almost every army in the world, were tremendously proud of all this, and assured me frequently that the principal superiority of the Red Army over the old armies was this right of self-government.

Our service was in general not onerous. A man soon accustomed himself to calling his fellow soldiers and officers *tovarisch*, or comrade. My friend and I were each given charge of two horses and a wagon the very day that we enlisted. Our first task was to name our horses. We could give them Russian, Hungarian, or German names at our discretion. As soon as we had christened the beasts, their names were enrolled in a register and became official. I received a horse and a mare that I named Hansel and Liesbeth, and they soon became very fond of me. They did not make much work for us. Currying and rubbing down and washing horses are practically unknown in Russia. We fed them and gave them water twice a day. We were mainly occupied with going after supplies for the brigade, hauling wood, carrying out of prison camps the corpses of those who died from typhus, and that sort of thing. We did not trouble ourselves in the least over the fact that we hauled typhus corpses, garbage, and the regiment's bread in the same wagon.

I took part in only one military enterprise. This was just before I left, and after I had been appointed a non-commissioned officer. One night there was an alarm. A band of counter-revolutionists had attacked the railway, plundered a train, and was holding possession of a section of the line. Things went like clock-work. In less than an hour, the cavalry, with its wagon train was ready and on the way. We crossed the Yenisei on the ice and marched some twelve miles beyond it to the east. I was ordered to halt with my supply train, while the cavalry advanced and intercepted the retreating enemy. We soon heard lively firing and our forces came back toward evening. They brought five of their own dead with them, twelve wounded, and twenty-three prisoners. We of the wagon train were ordered to strip every particle of clothing from the prisoners and pack it in our wagon. Then they were all shot and the peasants of the nearest village were ordered to bury the corpses. This was done in a business like and matter-of-fact way, as if no other method of dealing with prisoners had ever been thought of. This done, the cavalry started on its return to Headquarters, and our wagon train followed. I looked back, and shall never forget the sight of those twenty-eight naked bodies lying by the side of the road, all of them young, vigorous fellows, whose only crime was that their political opinions were different from ours!

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SHAKESPEARE'S BOARDS

BY W. J. LAWRENCE

From *The New Statesman, May* 21
(Liberal Labor Weekly)

Popular impressions are never scientifically accurate, and the prevailing idea that an Elizabethan theatrical performance demanded excessive powers of make-believe is about as far from the mark as a popular impression well could be. It denies to Shakespeare's stage the extraordinary complexity which proved its glory. Not by one principle but by a jumble of principles was it ruled. Paradox makes for equipoise, sanity; and by the abrupt antithesis of its conventions it was thrillingly paradoxical. Ever striving after the real, it had perforce, through its limitations, to make constant resort to the ideal. In idealism it has not since been approached, nor in realism (challenging statement!) has it been transcended. Viewed from the standpoint of an age of pictorial backgrounds, it could present nothing and yet presented everything. It materialized the immaterial and made the visible invisible.

With all his resourcefulness there were problems that baffled the Elizabethan producer, and these he left by tacit understanding to be solved by the poet's pen. Backgrounds which conveyed a hundred different impressions to a hundred different minds, were imperishably built up in a mosaic of scintillating phrase and glowing imagery. But if the prime conveyance of atmosphere was the poet's prerogative, none the less was it the producer's duty to prolong its vibrations. He could not show the helpless vessel on angry waters, but once the mariner was washed ashore, he could — and did — send him before the audience dripping wet. The mysteries of night eluded his simulative genius, but he was skilled enough in pyrotechnics to be able to startle you with a blazing star.

The truth is that on Shakespeare's boards realism and idealism were so intermingled that it is difficult to determine precisely what was left to the imagination and what was not. One thing is reasonably certain: realism when resorted to had to be of the fullest and most satisfying order. Less of the *deceptio visus* was possible in the days when the stage was a platform jutting out into the auditorium, and when sundry spectators were seated upon it, than in these days of a strict demarcation. Whether memorized or not by the players, letters read out in the course of the action had to be written out in full, and occasionally the producer had to be careful what kind of ink he used. In the *Spanish Tragedy*, of Kyd, there is a scene in which a letter flutters down from above to Hieronimo's feet. It is a warning from the imprisoned Bell' Imperia, written in her own blood, and begins: 'For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.' A prompter's note in the margin of the quarto, 'red ink,' shows the care taken in these matters. Here there is no mistaking the meaning, but one is puzzled to know whether these marginal warnings are always to be taken literally. In Chapman's, *May Day*, where Quintiliano takes out the 'two brace of angels' and gives them to In-

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nocentio, the concurrent instruction reads 'a purse of twenty pound in gold.' If current coin of the realm were really used, then the force of realism could no farther go.

It is only once in an æon the impossible happens. Not since Shakespeare's day has the stage been able to reconcile elements fundamentally incompatible. The Elizabethan producer was a past-master of the science of the illusion of sounds, that subtler kind of realism which, when deftly procured, proves such a quickener of the imagination. As practised by him it reënforced the pen-picture sketched in by the poet and gave it color. Thunder, the muttering of the storm and the whistling of the wind, the singing of birds, the lowing of cattle, the baying of hounds, the pealing and tolling of bells, the galloping of horses, the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry — all were well and truly imitated. In *Hamlet* as Shakespeare wrote it, and as it was played until the middle of the eighteenth century, a cock crew to herald the dawn whose coming hastens the ghost's departure. To-day at this juncture it is the eye, not the ear, that is appealed to; but the Elizabethan producer, though he could conjure up mist and bring down rain, stood aghast before the problems of sunrise and sunset.

Symmetrical as it sounds, it was unfortunate that the Elizabethan audience should have been as paradoxical as its stage. If it could take the eagle's flight with the poet into the empyrean, it could also drag him down into the mire. Nothing was too spiritual and nothing too gross for its appreciation. It responded to pathos and yet was pitiless. The stage preceded the playhouse, and by dint of its inheritance the English theatre-stage was steeped in mediævalism. Anxious as it was to become Liberty Hall, to keep open house for the new humanism, its guardians, the public, saw to it that it did not wholly dissipate its patrimony. Hence it was that Elizabethan tragedy was remarkable for its barbarism. There is a type of neurotic Shakespearolatry which strives to put the ugly thing aside; but to those not afraid to look, the fact is as patent as it was to Voltaire. Much as we may deplore the expenditure, it was the price paid by the poet, and paid inevitably, for the suffrages of his public. Hearing could be gained for the higher thought only by catering to the lower instincts. Brutal and bloodthirsty at base, the Elizabethan crowd could only be appeased by scenes of battle and atrocity. The influence of its clamor is to be detected in the blinding of Gloster, and in that horrifying episode in the early German version of *Titus Andronicus* (surely a reflex of Elizabethan taste and Elizabethan methods), where Titus cuts the brothers' throats and holds them to bleed to death, drip, drip, over a basin. What we need to grasp is that in staging these effects very little was left to the imagination. The audience demanded blood, and real blood, and got it. It was generally calves' or sheep's blood, blood that did not readily congeal, and the container was a small sponge concealed in the hand.

There was scarcely any limit to the horrors with which the insatiate mob was fed, and few were the tragedians who escaped paying tribute. It is a sorry spectacle this, of Chapman making Cato pluck out his entrails or Webster bringing Virginius on the stage after the sacrifice of his daughter, with his knife and arms all bloody. All such episodes were accompanied by a forbidding realism. The Greek sense of decency was lacking. If a nice distinction was made between hangings and beheadings, it was because the stage trick-and-shuffle-board of the time permitted of an illusive representation of

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the one and not of the other. It was risky to tamper with the executioner's axe. But even in such cases the gloating stinkards were not baulked of their prey. Lady Jane Grey disappears to trace her faltering steps to the block, and immediately her severed head is brought in. A meed of long-delayed admiration must at last be awarded to the Elizabethan property-man for his artistic powers in modeling in *papier mâché* with faithfulness to the life (and death), so many heads of such diversity. For, be it remembered, the head had to resemble the player, just as the player had to be careful in making up to resemble the head. And their number! Few pause to think how many were used by Shakespeare alone. In *Macbeth* and *King John* the latter-day producer, in deference to our susceptibilities, dodges the issue. Let him but give us the second part of *King Henry VI* without cut or evasion, and the truth of Voltaire's dictum will be established.

But, when all is said, we have little cause to lament that Shakespeare was cast to play the ungrateful rôle of the diamond on the dunghill. Of the humiliations of his environment we get a revealing glimpse in the *Sonnets*, but despite those humiliations how serenely he shone!

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS ATTACKED

BY GEORGE MATHESON CULLEN, M.D., B.Sc.

[*Dr. Cullen, a graduate of the Universities of Edinburgh and Paris, was formerly in charge of the Royal Infirmary and Royal Maternity Hospital, Edinburgh. He has since joined the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul.*]

From the *Dublin Review, April, May, June*
(IRISH CATHOLIC QUARTERLY)

De tous les animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
Qui marchent sur la terre ou nagent dans la mer,
De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme.

(Of all the animals there be
That walk the earth or swim the sea,
In Paris, Rome, Peru, Japan,
The stupidest, I think, is man.)

IN all ages the folly of mankind has been the wonder of the philosopher and the butt of the satirist. And yet probably never before has man played such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as in this our day. A sad commentary indeed on the results of half a century of free education! The fact is that this blind worship of knowledge, without any compensating cultivation of wisdom and virtue, has led to a cataclysm of war such as has never previously been experienced, and has set up a mad brewage in the mind of man which threatens the annihilation of our civilization. Even in the sphere of knowledge itself, anarchy has appeared, and it would seem that there is no kind of lunacy which will not be welcomed if it but masquerade in the garb of science. For proof of this no more telling example can be chosen than the extravagance,

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called psycho-analysis, which has been hailed by certain learned men as the copestone of scientific achievement. Had this new cult remained in a select professional circle, we should be glad to leave it there and pass it by in silence and horror. Unfortunately a vigorous propaganda has been entered upon, and the subject has been promulgated in popular journals, so that its phraseology has come into the market-place.

It is not merely that psycho-analysis is 'among the most difficult scientific problems of the day.' There are also 'many serious difficulties which interfere with a clear interpretation of the matter. I am not capable,' says C. G. Jung, 'of giving you a complete doctrine elaborated both from the theoretical and the empirical standpoint. Psycho-analysis has not yet reached such a point of development.'

If such were the views of a chief priest of the cult in 1915, the task before an outsider may be imagined. The intervening years have added very greatly to the literature on the subject, and the divergence of the different sects of psycho-analysts has become still more marked. But it is not the absence of an authoritative treatise, or the obscure verbiage which darkens most of the articles on the subject, which is the most formidable difficulty — it is the impossibility of fully describing for lay readers the new science without an affront to decency.

It is not here necessary to trace the descent of psycho-analysis back beyond the time of Mesmer. This Viennese physician had translated 'vital force' into the new scientific term of magnetism, and upon this basis had elaborated methods which caused scandals that brought about his expulsion from the Austrian Empire. In 1778 he came to Paris, where the circumstances of the time favored him. He made a sensation and he started a school. Some physicians joined his standard; but for the most part his followers were outside the profession. The record of the divisions in his camp and the embittered disputes between him and his disciples need only be mentioned here as a sort of anticipation of what has happened between Freud and his followers. Gradually the vogue of animal-magnetism or mesmerism passed, though later on individual attempts at resuscitation were made. The most important perhaps was that of Braid of Manchester, through whom the phenomena in question came to be called hypnotism. About 1880, public attention was again directed to the subject, mainly through the experiments of J. M. Charcot at the Salpétrière in Paris. Professional opinion was still skeptical, and of the crowds who followed the course of experiments a large proportion were artists, journalists, and others on the outlook for a new sensation or exciting 'copy.' It is right to add that Charcot attempted to approach the matter in a scientific spirit and so avoided the ridiculous extravagances of Dr. Luys, afterwards trenchantly exposed by E. Hart. One thing he clearly proved — the close similarity, if not identity, between the phenomena of hypnotism and those of hysteria.

Among those who had attended the Salpétrière *cliniques* was Dr. Breuer, who, on his return to Vienna, experimented on his own account. Through him, Sigismund Freud, in 1883, then a student, came to be interested in the subject. After graduation he and Breuer worked together for a little; but, possibly somewhat shocked at the trend of Freud's thoughts, Breuer withdrew from the partnership. Freud thereafter gradually developed his views until they were sufficiently matured to be given to the world. The occasion he chose for the declaration of his great epoch-making discovery was the most

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suitable one that could have been found — a meeting of the Vienna Neurological Society, under the presidency of Krafft-Ebing, author of the notorious *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Freud has himself recorded his astonishment at the reception given to his paper. It was heard in stony silence. The distinguished audience had been stricken dumb. Vienna would not discuss his discovery, far less accept it; and even now the professional attitude there has scarcely changed. Freud had to wait years before his earliest works were published. Even then reviewers for the most part passed them by without a comment.

However, publication was achieved; and the written word stimulated certain minds to seek out the master and get the fullness of the new knowledge at the fountain head. Freud had no public hospital appointment, so that the little coterie that gathered around him from 1902 onwards had to be content with formal expositions in the privacy of his own home. As with Mesmer and Charcot, probably the majority of his adherents were outside the medical profession. As these students returned to their homes they set up fresh centres of the cult, and the existence of these seemed to justify a general congress. This event was probably hastened by the fact that Bleuler and Jung, of Zurich, men with hospital appointments, had begun to apply the doctrine publicly. Accordingly, in 1908, a private gathering of the friends of Freud took place at Salzburg. No doubt it was facility of access which determined the locality, but it was a significant choice, this selection of the resting-place of Paracelsus, since Freud was determined to resurrect the Archæus of that innovator, and extend its empire beyond the mere physiological acts of the body, so that it was to control absolutely every conscious thought. The following year was marked by a public invitation to Freud and Jung to lecture at an anniversary celebration at Clark University. The occasion was the first sign of academic interest in the new theory, and Freud recorded his satisfaction that 'even in prudish America one could . . . discuss freely . . . all those things that are regarded as offensive in life.'

In 1910, it was felt that the time had come to organize the new cult, and to set up an authoritative body which would preserve the true tradition, and would give *ex cathedra* definitions as to what was real psycho-analysis and what was not. The indifference of Vienna prompted Freud to punish it by seeking headquarters at Zurich. For reasons which may be surmised later, Freud did not consider himself as a suitable president; so Jung was chosen and the International Psycho-analytical Association was launched, and an official journal inaugurated. The attempt to formalize the new teaching was, however, a conspicuous failure. There is a well-known epigram to the effect that every great man has his disciples, but it is always Judas that writes his biography. To avoid this contingency Freud has published (1917) an autobiography. In name it is a *History of the Psycho-analytic Movement*. In fact, it is a frank criticism of his followers, and incidentally it throws considerable light on his own psychology. This revelation of his personality is not a very pleasing one. Possibly Judas might have brought out a few lighter traits if only to give artistic variety to the portrait; as it is, one gathers the impression of a sour man, lacking in any real capacity for friendship, indisposed to expect either affection or gratitude from his disciples, self-centred, inordinately proud of having 'disturbed the world's sleep,' prone to jealousy. He candidly confesses that 'my confidence in the honesty and dis-

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tinction of my opponents was always slight'; on the other hand, 'my faith in my own judgment was not small.' He claims to criticize calmly. 'I can revile and rave as well as any other, but I am not able to render into literary form the expressions of the underlying effects and therefore I prefer to abstain.'

One thing seems certain, the psycho-analysts were from the beginning an unhappy family. Breuer, Freud's earliest associate, sinned against the light, was dishonest. The private circle at Vienna was not more satisfactory: 'I failed to establish among them that friendly relation which should obtain among scientific men . . . nor could I crush out the quarrels about the priority of discoveries.' Many of them drifted permanently away. Adler, the president of the Vienna group, formed a new theory, and we hear of the 'mean outbursts of anger which distort his writings . . . the ungovernable mania for priority which pervades his work.' Jung also fell away, and he is described as 'incapable of tolerating the authority of another, still less fitted to be himself an authority . . . whose energy was devoted to an unscrupulous pursuit of his own interests.' There is no need to delve deeper into this *chronique scandaleuse*. The extracts given sufficiently indicate the character of the individuals who arrogate to themselves the power of reading the souls of other men, and who pose as having no other end in view than the advancement of science.

We must now turn our attention to the important contribution to knowledge which they profess to have discovered. It may be shortly summed up in five words: *the omnipotence of the unconscious*. Not merely does the unconscious direct the automatic processes of digestion, circulation, growth, etc., it also controls every conscious thought. The unconscious is teeming with feelings and thoughts ('phantasies' seems to be the technical expression) and only some of these reach consciousness. Even these do not bubble up spontaneously into recognition. There is a something called a 'Censor,' which is neither god nor demon, neither beast nor human, a mere automaton which regulates and controls the crossing. Some thoughts may burst into consciousness in spite of the censor, but almost always it can transform them into symbols, so that consciousness does not recognize them for what they really are. On the other hand, the censor may lay hold of a conscious experience and drag it down into the unconscious ('repression' this is called), out of which it never will emerge again unless the psycho-analyst reveals it! As might be expected, the unconscious phantasy is apt to overflow into the semi-consciousness of a dream. But the censor never sleeps; and though the dream is perhaps the nearest approach to the unconscious, the censor usually is able to disguise the unconscious thought so that it appears in the dream as a mere symbol.

It is quite clear that the meaning attached to the word 'unconscious' in this connection is very different from that held by ordinary mortals; but beyond the general description such as is given above, it evades exact determination. Dr. Constance Long, a British publicist in the cause of psycho-analysis, has indeed defined it as 'the psychological contents which form the background of consciousness'; but this is a mere juggling with words. We may well wonder how it is possible to know that phantasies exist in the unconscious if we are not conscious of them. Psycho-analysis, it is true, professes the ability to evoke these phantasies; but here again we may ask what certainty have we that they were in the unconscious if we are unable to recognize them, or how can we be sure that they have not been simply aroused in con-

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sciousness by the persistent suggestion of the method employed? To these very pertinent queries no satisfactory answer has yet been vouchsafed.

Over the 'Censor' we need waste no words; for the idea so utterly transcends all common sense that any attempt to criticize it would be an insult to the intelligence. We may, however, hazard the question, Why should there be any need for a censor to prevent the unconscious overflowing into the conscious? To this, indeed, a reply is given and the answer brings us to the third article of the psycho-analytical creed. It is because of the frightful nature of the contents of the unconscious; something so dreadful that the mind would be unhinged by the sight, unless, indeed, the contemplation were made under the direction and enlightened by the explanation of a trained psycho-analyst. The loathsome dragon that wallows in the unconscious is the 'Libido.' Every child that is born into this world brings with it, not merely a body, limbs, organs and potentialities of various kinds, but in particular and especially, a libido crammed with portentous energy. In infancy this imperious passion has to work with rudimentary organs, but somehow it manages. Over the body, Freud tells us, there are 'erogenous zones' through which the libido can find sexual gratification. With the advent of consciousness the libido is able to project itself into the world around. At puberty, it is true, it usually takes the line suggested by the sex organs; but no perversity, not even the fixation on one's own body (Narcissism), can be regarded as other than quite natural. That these sex perversions are not more common is due to the censor. By this mechanism the perversion is repressed, thrust down into the unconscious. But the utmost strength of the censor cannot keep it there. The libido is constantly breaking through into consciousness, and all the censor can do is to mask its native brutality. In youth it often dissipates some of its energy in games. Later on it may be induced to set the poet's eye with fine phrensy rolling, to breathe life into cold marble, or to render beauty a joy for ever. In a word, civilization is the outcome of the 'sublimation' of the libido. But not even the alchemy of Lullius can transform it wholly; some of it must find a sexual outlet, otherwise it will be revenged on the body through paralysis, loss of memory or a neurosis of some kind. Thus absolute continence is unnatural and incompatible with bodily or mental health.

We could wish that with the explanation of this lascivious farrago of nonsense — the theory of psycho-analysis — we had reached an end of the subject. But the method still remains. The chief claim of the psycho-analyst is that he is an empiricist, that he simply takes facts as he finds them. The theory of the unconscious, the libido and the censor, is merely advanced as the most reasonable explanation of the 'facts' revealed by his method. To understand the genesis of the psycho-analytical method we must return for a moment to Charcot, who found that his hysterical patients usually ascribed the development of their symptoms to some emotional or nervous shock (trauma). In certain instances, however, the trauma which was alleged appeared too slight to have entailed such serious consequences. In such cases Charcot tried to find out under hypnotism whether there had not been a shock in earlier life which might have rendered the nervous system so unstable that it was easily unbalanced by a slight later trauma. Revelations were readily evoked even from childhood, but many of them were so patently false — lurid descriptions of impossibly early seduction — that he regarded his experi-

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ments as worthless. Freud was not so easily discouraged. He reasoned thus: 'If hysterics refer their symptoms to imaginary (sexual) traumas, then this fact signifies that they create such scenes in their phantasies; and hence psychic reality deserves to be given a place next to actual reality.' Very soon he reached the conviction that 'these phantasies serve to disguise the auto-erotic activities of the early years of childhood, to idealize them and place them on a higher level, and now the whole sexual life of the child makes its appearance behind these phantasies.'

It is upon this basis of lies, then, that Freud has erected his monstrous system. Of course, he explains them away as 'symbols' or 'psychic realities.' In his grossly materialistic creed there can be no such thing as a lie, since he believes that a brain-cell secretes a thought just as a liver-cell secretes bile, and that the individual has no more responsibility in the one case than in the other. This is the nemesis of Free Thought, that it ultimately leads its votaries to deny that thought can ever by any possibility be free.

This, then, is the method proposed by psycho-analysis for the cure of disease. Cure, indeed, may be effected in certain cases; but it can be only by fixing a permanent moral obliquity in the mind. Similar cures have been wrought by the more reputable methods of charlatans in every age; and many cures appear spontaneously without any method at all, or through the normal means of sane medicine. The moral peril cannot be exaggerated, and the adepts plainly state that a necessary stage in the cure is the transference of the libido to the person of the analyst. The case of children certainly demands legal intervention.

But psycho-analysis is far from limiting its activities to the domain of medicine; it is out to conquer the world. It is striving to set the seal of its interpretation upon religion and morals, history, mythology and folk-lore. Its method is being advocated by teachers for use in schools, and is already applied to the elucidation of poetry and the fine arts. To facilitate its more ready and general acceptance, the propagandists are prone to tone down the tenets or to clothe them with vague pseudo-scientific verbiage. Freud himself has been frank enough to denounce these attempts to minimize sexuality. That psycho-analysis is a real danger to society is my serious conviction; and this alone has sustained me in the invidious and painful task of showing it for what I believe it really is.

BOUTIN'S KIND OF PAINTING

BY PIERRE LIEVRE

From *L'Écho de Paris, April* 11
(CLERICAL DAILY)

BOUTIN was standing on the pavement on the boulevard of *Saint-Germain* when I turned into it from the *rue de l'Odéon*, just exactly as if he had been waiting there for me for twenty years. It seemed quite natural for us to meet there, and in spite of the ravages which twenty years make in men's faces, we recognized one another without any hesitancy.

'You're going home,' I said to him, and put my arm through his. 'I will go

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with you.' It did not seem at all likely that he still lived in his *atelier* in Montmartre; but he was living there all the same, and that did not astonish me so long as he seemed so like his old self. A little bit heavier, that was all, and more substantial looking. He did not look hungry any more, but he still wore a great cloak which covered him up from neck to ankle. However, it was all new, and pretty nearly new was a felt hat with a velvet ribbon, buttoned short-coat, and a pair of trousers narrowing toward his shoes. Altogether they gave him the conventional appearance of a bourgeois.

It is not altogether agreeable to meet friends from whom you have been separated for a long time. These witnesses of our youthful dreams make us understand how little we have realized them. They make us measure the degree in which we have failed of their ideals of us. That is not pleasant, for where is the man who can boast that he is not a hopeless debtor to his youth?

Very well. And now for dear Boutin. He used to paint with the face of a conqueror and his hair floating in the wind. To-day, bald, and having failed to conquer anything, it was in that guise that it pleased me to remember him. I thought that that young man, full of ardor, had come back, and that I was pressing under my arm the arm of my old companion.

We questioned one another curiously: 'Twenty years without seeing one another! — How the time passes! — Nobody would believe it.' What banalities! And so on and so on.

One talks about other people to keep from talking about himself. In times gone by, was he not to surpass Rembrandt, and did not I count on going farther than Shakespeare? How could one dream that he had fallen so far short.

'I have completely given up literature, I assure you. I don't write anything. Oh, now and then a study in a technical review — that's absolutely all. But you? Always a painter? Always to be faithful?'

Alas, in twenty years, during which he had been a painter, I had not seen his name in any exposition or in any gallery. And that walk of his! Like a fat dauber in a comic opera! What mediocrity!

'Where does one see the things you paint, my dear fellow? At the National? Or at the Artistes Français? Do you remember the antiquarian's daughter whose store was there?'

'Yes, indeed, and do you remember what a fine model he was? What was his name then?'

'Hortal, I think. What has become of him?'

'Oh, I don't see him any more.'

Ashes! Ashes! This landscape which is always the same — the Seine, the Pont des Arts, the Louvre! And meantime our life is half-gone.

'Do you still go to paint on the quays as you used to do?'

'Not very often.'

'Well, do you make portraits mainly or landscapes?'

'Do you remember when there was still a garden in the Carrousel?'

Now again, because of all the memories that he called up, I had not observed at once that Boutin was still trying to keep me from talking about his activity as an artist. Now he was talking to me about his wife, for he had a wife, and about everything except his painting. He had no hesitancy in giving me a profusion of details which sometimes embarrassed me. Here we were lounging in front of the shop windows on the boulevard.

'Do you have any connections with the art dealers? I know one or two who are good and I will present you to them if you would like.

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'Do you remember the times we used to visit Durand-Ruel's? To think that we still had to fight then for Manet and the Impressionists.'

At this moment in the show window of an antiquary, I remarked a little picture by Delacroix. It represented an interior, something unusual in the works of that master, but the interior of an *atelier*, where objects and pieces of furniture of all kinds were tumbled together in picturesque confusion. Banners and flags, gilt, red, and blue, were to be seen in the back of the hall near a big divan, which had a mahogany Psyche, with the feet of a griffon, for a neighbor. Great green patches of tapestry ornamented a part of the wall. Farther off, a brass stove, of which the bent pipe went into the wall, stood near a heap of pit-coal.

The fancy of the painter had added to this amusing composition, the head of a stuffed lion, some Moorish platters and, next to a reproduction of the Venus of Milo, a lay figure clothed in variegated tinsel. This painting charmed me, with its delightful vigor and its glowing and sombre colors.

'It is too bad that things like that don't get directly to the Louvre,' I said. 'That canvas ought to be across the gallery from the Duke of Moncey which has just been added to the collection.'

'Do you think so?'

'Well, it is just as good.'

From the ceiling of the *atelier* hung an ostrich's egg suspended by a red silk cord. That detail revived another memory.

'Do you remember the ostrich egg hanging from the ceiling of the *atelier* in that book of the Goncourts of which I have forgotten the name?'

'*Manette Salomon*.'

'Dieu! How we used to like them, those Goncourts. How one changes!'

'Oh, I still like them.'

'Really?'

'In those days, you were n't content to like them. You used to imitate them cleverly. Do you remember that bit of yours,

'*Le chic, cette forme nouvelle de l'élégance française*'?

'Do you remember that, my old friend?'

'Yes, and that famous description of the *atelier*. Why, we used to know it by heart!'

'Perhaps, if we tried, we might still remember it.'

Then, turn and turn about, we fell to reciting the fragments of that celebrated passage: 'The day sank insensibly into night. — The blue haze of the evening began to mingle with the smoke of the cigarettes. — The pictures seemed to grow faint. — The likeness of a dream came over their silhouettes. — The space about the panel was decorated with a group of banners and flags, gilt, red, and blue. — The rear of the *atelier* was occupied by a big divan which gave place to a Psyche of mahogany with the feet of a griffon.'

I interrupted him and dragged him back to the window of the antiquary. 'Is n't it funny, all the details of that description are in that Delacroix! It's impossible, but just look! The flags, the Psyche, the divan, the cast of Venus, the disguised lay figure — '

Boutin got slightly pale. For my part, I was very much excited, and we must have looked like two crazy men there on the pavement of the *rue Laffitte*.

Then, squeezing my arm with all his might, and looking me straight in the face, he said to me hurriedly, in a low voice, 'Look here, *mon bon vieux*, you must n't tell this to a soul. I tell you this because it's you: I'm the man who painted that Delacroix.'

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TO A PERFORMING HIPPOPOTAMUS

BY 'ALGOL'

[*Punch*]

Lord of the wide Limpopo, Behemoth,
Or where the stately Congo breaks in froth
Through countless cataracts that none espy
Save the adjoining anthropophagi,
Or where old Nilus gathers as he goes
The trickling might of tributary snows,
And, bursting from the Mountains of the Moon
Through gorges supernaturally hewn,
Northward his course imperiously sweeps
By oozy shallows and tempestuous deeps,
Now fertilizing choice alluvial spots
Hoed daily by attentive Hottentots,
Now bearing on his unprotesting breast
Mellifluous tourists from the Middle West,
What dost thou here, majestic river-horse,
Where airs are cold and audiences coarse?
What tantrum of the Fates that dog (od rot 'em!) us
Consigned thee hither, gentle hippopotamus,
Far from thy native haunts of sun and ooze,
From home and wife and pretty pink papoose?
He must have been a most repulsive brute
Who marked thee down as profitable loot
And, finding thee asleep upon a shoal,
Bent his relentless hawser round thy bole,
Then steamed away as hard as he could go
With thee, protesting volubly, in tow.

Let kind oblivion cloak what next occurred,
The captor's price, the showman's curt 'Absurd!'
The bargain clinched, the captain's frantic argot
When ordered to include thee in his cargo,
The ill-appointed stateroom, cold and dark,
Thy dignified refusal to embark,
The efforts of a hundred stalwart blacks,
Void of result, to budge thee from thy tracks;

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The gangway spread before thy feet in vain,
Thine ultimate displacement with a crane,
The throbbing screw, the awful *mal-de-mer*,
The cabin-boy's intolerable stare,
The cheerless dock with curious loafers lined,
The hateful stevedores pushing from behind,
The midnight journey through St. Martin's Lane —
All these are memories fraught with grief and pain.

And here thou art! The punctual curtain falls;
Coldly thou tak'st a brace of well-earned calls,
Dost off the motley and reseek'st repose,
Sunk in thy tank — and boredom — to the nose.
And I, who needs must envy aught that draws
The profitable public's loud guffaws,
Resume my humble attic, murmuring, 'Zounds!
Yon beast's insured for twice five thousand pounds!
No such precaution flatteringly guards
The paltry lives of mirth-provoking bards,
Who, when they pass beyond terrestrial ken,
Are soon replaced by other funny men.'

THE MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

BY EDWARD J. DENT

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, May* 14
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

Had the war not cut us off from German and Austrian music, Schönberg would, no doubt, have become as familiar a name as Scriabin in our concert programmes. In 1914 his own inner circle of admirers believed that England was one of the few countries which appreciated his greatness. In Germany and Austria there had been violent demonstrations of hostility to his works; in this country the leaders of music are more ready to welcome what is new, and the herd more willing to accept whatever is offered. So far from refusing pearls, it crunches and digests them in complete indifference. The war diverted attention from Schönberg and his group to the French, the Russians, and latterly to the younger Italians, whom we credited with having evolved a number of new ideas which, in reality, they owed largely to Schönberg. By the irony of fate Schönberg has now abandoned composition owing to the nervous strain of military service during the war, and most of the important works of his which are still unknown to us demand so large an orchestra and such elaborate rehearsal that there is very little likelihood of their being heard here.

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The Chamber Symphony, played at Mr. Edward Clark's concert last week for the first time in London, was composed in 1906. It is later than the 'Sextette,' which can be regarded as a now popular work, and earlier than the five orchestral pieces which Sir Henry Wood played at the Promenades in 1912. It is a pity that it was not played here in its proper chronological place, for it is the work which definitely bridges the gulf between the composer's first style and his second. To ears that have become accustomed to Stravinsky and Malipiero it must have sounded almost as old-fashioned as Richard Strauss, for, in spite of whole-tone scales and chords based on a succession of fourths, it sticks clearly to the classical key-system. Its form is original, but classical in principle, and remarkable for its extreme lucidity. It stood out in curious contrast to the rest of the programme — Busoni's courtly and elegant Concertino for Clarinet, Delius's languorous landscapes, Arthur Bliss's vivacious exuberance.

Schönberg's symphony was grim and tense, passionately serious, almost self-consciously ugly, especially in its orchestral coloring. That quality which we English are inclined to call ugliness or brutality is characteristic of most modern German music, and most modern German art of all kinds. A juster name for it would be asceticism, but we are apt to limit the word 'asceticism' to the renunciation that has an outspokenly religious basis, as in the music of Vincent d'Indy, and, perhaps, of Hans Pfitzner. With most German artists their puritanism is definitely anti-religious. It comes from a rigorous determination to pursue truth and truth only. To call it savagery or megalomania is to misunderstand it completely. Certainly there has been a strong element of savagery, and megalomania too, in certain phases of German life, but it has never been the inspiration of the real artistic leaders.

What we English people call ugliness in German art is simply the furious reaction against what Germans call *süsses Kitsch*, the art of the picture postcard, and of what corresponds to the royalty ballad. It has for years been their constant reproach against us that England is the great country of *Kitsch*. Many years ago a German who loved England only too well said to me, 'I like your English word *plain;* it is a word for which we have no equivalent in German, because *all* German women are *plain*.' He might well have balanced it by saying that English has no equivalent for the word *Kitsch*. The English reader will, no doubt, be horrified to hear that the English eighteenth-century portraits which were once exhibited by order of the Emperor William II at the Royal Academy in Berlin were at once classified by the modern painters — since grown to be classics themselves — in the same category.

The passion for large forms and monstrous orchestras is also due largely to a moral principle. Every German composer hopes that he may some day come to succeed Beethoven and Wagner, to be regarded as a symbol of the whole country, perhaps of the whole world. It is the reaction against the over-cultured dilettantism of an aristocratic few. If Schönberg is appreciated in England it is only by a select circle, hardly as numerous as the chorus and orchestra which would be required to perform his 'Gurre-Lieder.'

The extreme elaboration of the modern orchestra in German music has been further fostered by the influence of Mahler. Mahler was for the art of conducting what Liszt was for the pianoforte and Paganini for the violin. Since his death he has become a legendary figure, especially at Vienna. Schönberg was one of his intimate friends.

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Here in England it is impossible to give orchestra concerts on the Mahler scale, and still more impossible to provide for adequate rehearsals. In Austria and Germany, where everything is on the brink of ruin, opera houses are still kept going and orchestral concerts still flourish. No wonder many of our patriots take this as a sign that they still possess enormous wealth. The aggregate wealth of England would indeed have to be colossal if so much music could be performed on that percentage of the aggregate which England is disposed to spend upon it.

It is to Schreker and Schönberg that Vienna owes most of its acquaintance with modern non-German music. Schreker's Philharmonic Choir even produced such exotic composers — the epithet is that of a Viennese writer — as Elgar, Delius, and Cyril Scott. Schönberg in 1918 founded the 'Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen,' a society which subscribes for weekly music meetings at which modern chamber and orchestral works are both rehearsed and performed. There were ten rehearsals of Schönberg's own Chamber Symphony, and some other works received as many as twenty. These meetings arose out of Schönberg's activities as a teacher of composition; their object was to make modern music more accessible to the public, and to train up the public to the right appreciation of it. Evidently Vienna has not lost that characteristic which gave its life so much charm — the principle that everybody always had plenty of time for anything he might want to do. There are very few people in London who could manage to go to weekly meetings to hear a work rehearsed twenty times, and those whose principal occupation is concert-going would seldom go to more than one rehearsal, if that.

It is natural enough that most people should find Schönberg's music pedantic and doctrinaire as well as repellent in sound. He represents a reaction against romanticism that derives its peculiar force from the fact that to him as to all Germans romanticism is bred in the bone.

A modern German critic has pointed out that romantic music, from the early days of Wagner, and even from the days of Weber, depended largely on the symbolic acceptation of chords. With the classical composers chords, whether consonant or dissonant, occur just as they happen to be wanted; the romantic composers would pick out some one particular chord and set it up by itself as a dominating symbol. Thus in Weber the diminished seventh always stands for horror; in Mozart or Spohr it has no such invariable significance. The symbolic chord may quite well be a concord; in 'Lohengrin' it is the chord of A major, in 'Meistersinger' the chord of C. Still more conspicuous is the E flat chord of 'Rheingold.' Other obvious examples from Wagner are the Ring, Tarnhelm and Curse motives of the 'Ring.'

And with the romantic impulse came also the cultivation of chords that were ambiguous and could be used to destroy the sense of key. The first and most obvious was the diminished seventh, made by superposing minor thirds. Other superpositions of thirds produced the sevenths and ninths common both to Wagner and Debussy. A more mechanical construction produced the superposed major thirds and superposed fourths.

The chief theme of Schönberg's Chamber Symphony is a succession of fourths which naturally leads straight away from the original key. The second theme is built mainly on the wholetone scale; but its rhythms are those of Wagner and Strauss.

It is rhythm more than anything

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else which differentiates Schönberg from his contemporaries in other countries; German music seems curiously reluctant to get away from either a vigorous four-beats to a bar, or, in a lower station of the art, the familiar three-beats of the waltz. Schönberg is trying to build up a deliberately intellectual construction out of romantic material. His music aims, one may say, simultaneously at clarity and at obscurity, an aim which the English reader may well be tempted to think curiously characteristic of the German philosophical mind. It is after all the criticism which English listeners have passed on all German music from the days of Dr. Burney. None the less, German music has survived it, even for the public of England.

THE TRUE MACHIAVELLI

BY H. M.

[*The following article is apropos of a study of Machiavelli by François Franzoni, just published under the title,* La Pensée de Nicolas Machiavel.]

From *Journal de Genève, May* 17
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Few writers are more often quoted than Machiavelli. Is he better known for that reason? How many of those who condemn him or praise him, who appeal to him with admiration or consign him to public obloquy, have read through a single one of his works or know more about him than a few isolated quotations from his writings, or anecdotes about him, or merely his name? . . .

To be just to a man, we should interpret him, not only by his epoch, but also by his environment; that is, by the intellectual atmosphere by which he was surrounded. If we try to convert Machiavelli violently into a moralist, — if we judge him by the standards of Christian ethics, or even by those of an idealist, — we cannot be too severe in our condemnation, in spite of the fact that he could feel deeply the moral greatness of a St. Francis or a St. Dominic. But if we bear in mind that the author of *The Prince* never pretended to write a work on morals but only on politics, — things very different both in his day and our own, — and if we add that his ideals were not drawn from Christianity, with its command of sacrifice, humility, and love, but from the antique conception of 'virtue,' from the Roman ideal that not only the citizen's body but also his morals must be sacrificed to the state in case of need, we shall see that Machiavelli was not a cynic, but only a man uttering the political thought of his time, and trying to relate it with the civic standards of the Romans of the ancient republic, with their conception of public weal and of what constituted the true greatness of the state and of the individual.

These are ideas which may be odious to men of our generation. The doc-

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trine that the welfare of the state justifies everything, that there are different standards of morals in public and in private life, that statesmen may properly commit, in the public interest, acts of violence and deceit not tolerated in private dealings, is precisely the opposite of the doctrine we hold to-day, although Europe has just witnessed some adept applications of the ancient theories. Certainly the old ideal survived a long time, not only among the ancients, but among nations which call themselves Christian.

This doctrine has always been vigorously assailed by idealists who hold that there is but one standard of morals for princes, magistrates, and private citizens. They insist that it should be our supreme purpose to enforce that single moral standard, and that we should never weary of pursuing that ideal. Even men who, in practice, habitually violate this principle, still applaud it. Yet how rare is the spectacle of a government observing as high standards of honor and rectitude as are demanded of an individual? Writers who insist on describing things as they are, instead of as they ought to be, have in all ages recognized this.

That is what Machiavelli did. The Florentine writer had been intimately associated with public affairs for many years, during one of the most immoral periods in history. He observed the course of public policy and the acts of public men with lively interest, and recorded what he saw. He formulated these practices into precepts, which he never designed should be moral aphorisms, but rather recipes for success. He studied and recorded them as he might have jotted down recipes for the kitchen. If you want to be a good cook, you must combine your ingredients in certain proportions and certain orders. If you want to gain power or preserve power, you must act in such and such a way. He analyzed those methods in conformity with his observations, studying the more or less edifying illustrations under his own eyes. He did this coldly and without emotion. He was not a man of sentiment, but of pure intellect, a marvelously gifted brain which, with but few rare exceptions, never betrayed the quiver of a heart impulse. This last fact doubtless explains why he attained only moderate success in actual political life. Men — whether rulers or commons — respond more readily to sentiment than to reason. The great leaders of the masses are those who know how to appeal to emotion. Since reason, however, never abdicates its power and rights, such leaders speedily come to grief if they are sentimental and nothing else. But they would not have succeeded unless they appealed to passion. It is certain that Garibaldi could not have maintained himself without Cavour. But would Cavour have won complete success without Garibaldi?

We are not so far away from Machiavelli in appealing to these contemporary names. We need not leave Italy. Italy is the country *par excellence* of theoretical and practical politics. Its division for centuries into a great number of petty states made it a collection of laboratories, where a sharp-eyed observer could find plenty of clinical material for his studies. These political divisions, so fruitful for historians, were a source of feebleness for Italy, and invited foreign intrigue and intervention. Machiavelli knew that well. He longed ardently for Italian unity, for a national army powerful enough to expel beyond its frontiers the foreigners whom he hated.

Whenever this cold observer, this skeptical and almost cynical man of pure intellect, discourses on Italian unity, he is inspired with warmth and life. His appeal to Lorenzo de' Medici

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to deliver Italy from the barbarians is one of the most beautiful passages in his works, because it is inspired by powerful passion. And Machiavelli's great charge against the Roman Church at the opening of the sixteenth century was that it had not united Italy against the foreigner. His criticism of the Church was therefore purely political. It had no connection whatever with the religious grievances that produced the Reformation.

RESTAURANTS IN ITALY

From *The Saturday Review, June* 4
(Tory Weekly)

Italian restaurants succeeded in Soho by appealing at once to palates and purses, overcoming even rumors of dirt and resurrected scraps. There was also a mysterious magnetism of slumming, seeing life, brushing Bohemians, almost exploration. The proprietors were shrewd business men, who knew how to make the most of every crumb; they boxed and coxed compasses reappearing one minute as waiters, and disappearing the next to cook. Then here they were again, as cashiers, cab-runners and chuckers-out. If they were content to remain expatriated, they soon blossomed forth as the imperious owners of palace hotels.

It is an odd thing about Italians that they do things well abroad, and things ill at home.

There are probably few more vivid contrasts imaginable than that between the Italian restaurant in London, and the Italian restaurant in Italy. The present writer has spent ten months in Italy, and can speak from experience after some six hundred restaurant meals. The charges of those six hundred meals did not seem heavy with the English exchange at ninety lire to the pound, but the caterers seemed to think their business was to do those who dined. Any Italian will tell you that he fares more cheaply and sumptuously in his own house.

To begin with, they make the most of nothing. Neither reason nor interest nor entreaty will ever induce them to provide rissoles, hashes, minces, stews, made dishes of any kind. The invariable answer is, 'If we prepared them, even with the freshest meat and all the arts of Brillat-Savarin, no one would touch them. We should be suspected of using up the leavings of past meals.' Deliberate waste is accordingly universal and prodigious. Even cold meat is almost taboo. A joint is cooked, carved, and consigned to the dust-bin, though there may not be half enough provisions to last the peninsula half through the winter.

Dr. Johnson once described a certain leg of mutton as badly killed, badly hung, badly cooked, and badly served. What would have been his irascibility if he had crossed the Alps and broken meats in a *trattoria?* We know how to breed and feed and hang and cook the roast beef of old England, whereas French *rosbif* is nearly always a delusion, because the French breed for veal, beating us there into a cocked hat. But Italian veal and beef are blackguards both. Italians have practically no mutton, and will brazenly tell a Highlander

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or a Welshman that it is never fit to eat. Their chickens are stringy, and only just palatable if cooked immediately after slaughter. Hanging, they say, is prohibited by their climate, though that need not necessarily save the necks of their cooks. . . .

Macaroni, however, does admittedly assume a whole Fregoli arsenal of disguises, and made at home with many eggs and great care, beaten, and rolled, and coaxed, and stuffed with rare dainties, is fit to set before a pre-war king. But in the average restaurant of Italy it is mere paste, made in a factory, garnered for months by a grocer, and served with preserved tomato-pulp.

Again, there is probably no country possessing such a wealth of beautiful fruit, but every restaurant in Italy offers it unripe, and at six or ten times what it costs at the stall round the corner. Except badly baked pears, hot and clammy and horrid, it rarely appears in a cooked form. Some is exported for jam-making, but no jam was ever made at home, even when sugar was plentiful. One feeble excuse for that is a scarcity of jars and tins, though plenty of glass seems available for bottling wine.

Italians have only one way of cooking potatoes, even new potatoes, which they slice and fry in oil. They spoil all their other luxuriant vegetables — artichokes, egg-plant (*aubergine*), chillies, French beans, etc. — by chopping them up and soaking them in oil. There is no harm in good oil. Indeed, it is infinitely preferable to bad butter, but it must be used with a discreet judgment, whereas Italian cooks have a heavy hand.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Italian fare, and the most shocking to a stranger, is the lamentable absence of good wine in one of the most generous vine-producing countries of the world. There are exquisite light white wines at Frascati and other Castelli Romani, and various remote villages in all parts of the peninsula. But you must make pilgrimages to drink them, for they will scarcely travel a yard. Most of the bottled beverages — especially the so-called Capris and Chiantis — are unskillfully doctored. The red wines are too rough for educated tastes, but used to be exported profitably for blending with *vin ordinaire* and begetting cheap claret. Now, however, newly enriched Socialists and other war-profiteers drink up all they produce, and Italy actually imports more wine than she sends out. The favorite restaurant wine is Barbera, a violently effervescent red wine that tastes of tannin and seidlitz powders. There is some fun in watching a young waiter open a bottle in the near neighborhood of well-dressed people and speculating on the subsequent language.

Your Italian waiter in London looks as if he had slept in his tail-coat, but he is usually civil almost to excess. In Italy, next to a railway-man, he is the most intolerant and aggressive of citizens. Here is a typical incident, that occurred at Ferrara. A diner complained mildly about cold soup, long delay, or some such trifle, and was treated to violent abuse. The proprietor ventured to remonstrate, whereupon not only did the rude waiter depart at once, but all his colleagues laid down their napkins and followed him. As they were not taken back at once, every waiter in the town struck next day out of sympathy, all except the non-unionists in one hotel, which had its windows broken. That sort of thing occurs constantly, and most clients treat waiters with respectful awe. You may even hear them call 'Mr. Waiter' (*Signor Cameriere*) not altogether ironically.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

HARLECH IN EARLY SPRING

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

[*The Spectator*]

NAKED tree shadows lay sharp on the road;
Carmine bright were the brows of the hills;
With a steady flame the gorse bush glowed;
In a riot of silver tumbled the rills.

Far underneath me the Morfa lay,
A patchwork quilt of bog-myrtle and sedge,
Apple-green pasture, marsh-land gray,
As I stood at the brown wood's edge.

VORTICISM

[*The Saturday Review*]

Red or yellow, black or green,
Dots and dashes on a screen—
Shorthand of an art obscene!

Gone the godlike curve and line
From the human form divine!
Gone is beauty's secret sign.

Gone the light from every eye,
Blindness hides the starry sky—
Beauty's dead — oh, misery!

Groping hands that seek to trace
In the darkness light and grace,
Can but fashion evil's face.

Fashion him, as evil can,
Like, yet how unlike, to man,
Crooked, pitiful and wan!

Where once beauty brightness shed,
Evil scatters dark instead!
Lying lives and truth is dead.

CHILD'S PENTECOST

BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

I know the Holy Ghost is glad
When we enjoy the things He made:
No artist could be cross and sad
Who thought of rabbits in the glade,
Or shining button-buds new born
Within the branches of the thorn.

They say He hovered as a dove
Above the One who loved Him best:
I think He dwells in feathery love
With little birds of many a nest —
Darts with the seagull through the spray,
Is merry in the tomtit's play.

His skill it is that guides the hand
To draw the curve, to sew the seam:
And His the wit to understand
Hard sums, and His the dream
Of fairy things, unnamed, unknown,
Seen in the woods when we're alone.

Come, Spirit! not with sudden wind
Or fighting flames of Pentecost,
But in the breezes small and kind
By which the baby boughs are tost.
Come! with Thy touchings soft and bright,
And lift the leaflets to the light.

'OUT OF THE VIOLENT STREAM'

BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Out of the violent stream
A green field, Judah's prophet said
In time long dead.
Even so, with April-thoughted eyes,
Shall Ireland rise
Up from her bloody dream.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE NEW DICKENS

PUNCH keeps a sharp eye upon the provincial press, with the laudable purpose of collecting any blunders that may help to make the British Isles a more cheerful place. *Punch* usually succeeds. This is one of the most recent bits of treasure-trove:—

From a cinema advertisement:—

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH. A Great Screen Version of Charles Dickens' Famous Story. — *Scots Paper.*

To be followed, we presume, by a film of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the well-known American novel by Alice Hegan Rice.

✤

AN UNCORRECTED MISPRINT IN KEATS

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* points out a probable misprint which has gone uncorrected in all the editions of Keats that he has been able to examine. The error occurs in line 75 of the poem 'Teignmouth,' an epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds:

High reason, and the *love* of good and ill.

The suggested reading is 'lore' for 'love.' Keats probably never saw the poem in print, and although usually his handwriting is extraordinarily clear, such a printer's blunder is very probable. The proposed emendation has in its favor Keat's well-known partiality for the word 'lore.'

Sir Sidney Colvin, undoubtedly the most eminent living authority upon Keats, says that the new reading 'is not only sense in itself, but corresponds strictly to Keats's usage in another place, viz., Lamia, Part I, lines 189 and 190: —

A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core.

He also says, 'I am astonished that neither I nor any other commentator or editor of the poet — not even Professor de Sélincourt — should have thought of it before.'

✤

IN THE GERMAN THEATRE

ALTHOUGH a gulf separates the German stage of 1914 from that of to-day, the effects of the war, which are as plainly discernible in the theatre as in any other department of life, have not been altogether disastrous. Some of the older writers seem to have changed little, but a new spirit is abroad among many of the younger dramatists and poets. The natural reaction from militarism has produced a horror of brute force — a change of which symptoms existed before 1914, but which is in the main due to the horrors of four years of conflict.

Dramatists, producers, actors, all show the differences that the war has made; but in some respects these differences actually favor artistic development. The financial stringency that affects all Germany has forced the directors of most theatres to seek for beauty through a severe simplicity of staging rather than in lavish costuming and elaborate scenery; and the difficulties under which the artists work have — as is common enough in any branch of artistic endeavor — become spurs to success with new methods that might otherwise never have been tried.

This is particularly true of the designing of stage settings, in which Emil Pirchan, one of the younger men, stands as the representative of the newest ideas, in contrast with the

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veteran Reinhardt, once himself an innovator, who is now following successfully the methods that won him fame before the war.

Reinhardt's productions at the Grosses Schauspielhaus are on an heroic scale. The theatre was constructed for him by Professor Poelzig, who made over the old Circus Schumann into a kind of modern Greek theatre. Three quarters of the vast amphitheatre is given over to the audience, and the last section of the circle is transformed into an enormous stage in several tiers, while the old ring of the circus is used as a projection of the stage among the audience, reaching farther forward than even the old proscenium stage. Here battles are fought, here processions form, and across these tiers storm the mobs in *Julius Cæsar*.

By making use of the unusually large space at his disposal and employing supers in numbers unheard-of up to this time, Reinhardt has secured extraordinary effects, which have been at their best in some of the Shakespearean productions, where processions, mob scenes, and battles are hard to make effective in an ordinary theatre. While engaged in the Grosses Schauspielhaus, Reinhardt has also been busy with productions of less magnitude but equal interest in the Deutsches Theater, the scene of his earlier triumphs and experiments.

The former Royal Theatres, now the State Theatres, whose productions were once the embodiment of everything bourgeois, have turned over a new leaf. Max von Schillings has assumed direction of the Opera, and Leopold Jessner of the Theatre. The staging in both has been entrusted to Emil Pirchan, a Munich artist who, though young, is already famous. Pirchan outdoes Gordon Craig in his uncompromising struggle for simplicity. He reduces his stage pictures to the least possible number of elements. A wall with a door in it, a flight of stairs, and some curtains, a couple of pillars — these suffice to give his productions broad backgrounds of massive color, with which the costumes of the actors are brought into harmonious contrast. Craig's most ruthless simplifications seem elaborate when compared with Pirchan's stage pictures. The contention, long advanced by theatrical rebels, that poetic and literary as well as the strictly dramatic values, affect the audience more powerfully when there is nothing to catch the eye or divert the attention, receives abundant justification in this work.

The success of these revolutionary ideas is helped along by the financial situation in Germany, for Pirchan's settings have merits other than artistic. They can be built very cheaply; and since the German producers must now economize in every direction, Pirchan is in high favor among them. For once poetry and profit walk hand in hand.

Catholicity of taste, the preëminent characteristic of German audiences before the war, is as marked as ever. The German classics, the younger German playwrights, classics of France, England, Russia, and Sweden, and a fair number of the modern dramatists of many of these countries, receive almost equal honors. There has been no delay in reviving the Shakespearean productions, which have been for many years among the most significant German contributions to theatrical art.

The large and beautiful People's Theatre, which in 1918 passed into the hands of Friedrich Kayssler, has produced Schiller's *Wallenstein's Tod*, and the State Playhouse has produced his *Maria Stuart* and *Wilhelm Tell*, as well as Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*. The tendency to rant, which was the bane of the German classical stage before 1914, has almost disappeared under

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the new régime. Leopold Jessner at the State Theatre insists upon his actors' giving the classics the same naturalistic treatment that they accord to plays of the day. During the latter part of March Herr Jessner's theatre was playing *Die Sterne*, a play by Hans Müller, founded on Galileo's struggle with the Church. Herr Müller was in high favor with the Kaiser during the war on account of his patriotic play, *Könige*, and *Die Sterne* must have been equally acceptable under the Prussian absolutist régime, showing, as it does, the free thinker Galileo broken and forced to recant his theories in accord with the demands of the established powers. An especially interesting scene is the appearance of John Milton, still a youth and an ardent hero-worshiper, come to bring a greeting from Oliver Cromwell to the aged and broken Galileo.

One of the most recent of Sudermann's works, *Raschhoff*, a powerful drama of modern life and problems, has met with great success, constituting something of an epoch in recent dramatic history. A translation of some scenes has just been published by one of the oldest of the Italian literary reviews, *Nuova Antologia*.

Hasenclever, one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of dramatists, possesses ideas of his own as to lighting effects, which he has been able to test in the Kammerspiele s production of his *Jenseits* (*Beyond*) — a play reminiscent of Maeterlinck's *L'Intruse*. *Jenseits* is practically a duologue between a young widow and the friend of her husband who brings news of his death. The third character is the disembodied spirit of the husband, who watches his widow fall hysterically into the arms of his friend. The lighting is of peculiar importance in this play, since the action takes place on a bare segment of the stage, so darkened that the audience sees only half of a room, a house, and a roof.

The firelight illumines the faces of a man and woman who crouch before the hearth. Slowly the moonlight discloses the figure of a sleep-walker emerging from an attic window, and a weird luminous patch presently glows on the back of a chair. The power of two remarkable scenes gives distinction to a performance which has been justly condemned for its confusion. In one of these the emotional wife scatters flowers on an empty bed, shrouded in black, and in the other she croons over her unborn babe, and, in imagination, rocks it to sleep.

Arthur Schnitzler is not the only Austrian dramatist of importance in modern German drama. Anton Wildgans, who won fame with his lyric dramas during the war, has just become director of the Burg Theatre, the most important playhouse in Vienna. Franz Werfel, Carl Schönherr, and Max Brod, among the most talented of the newer dramatists, are all Austrians. Wildgans's Biblical drama, — or, as he calls it, 'mythological song,' — *Cain*, has already been produced, although it still awaits its Berlin *première*. It contains only four characters: Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel. The action takes place in a rocky wilderness and in Adam's cave. The metre of the verse is very free, strong, and primitive, breaking into rhyme only occasionally, and subtly modulated to emphasize the difference between Abel, the sunny, sturdy herdsman, and Cain, with his 'snake nature.' Though he seeks his ends only through force, greed, and envy, Cain is represented as a very human creature, hungering for the love and understanding denied him by the brutality of his own nature.

This highly poetic drama is characteristic in two respects of the latest German drama. It shows some traces of

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one of the most dominant contemporary themes, the misunderstood son, which is treated also in Wildgans's *Dies Iræ* and which, indeed, obsesses half the younger German writers, from Hasenclever on. Even more characteristic is the passionate revolt against the reign of brute force, an attitude largely grown out of the horrors of the war, but symptoms of which were discernible even before hostilities began. Hasenclever, von Unruh, Schickele, Werfel, Goring, and many others, are in the full tide of reaction against the 'might is right' school of thought. But the revolters do not always hope for great success. These are a few lines from *Cain:* —

EVE

Yet what a light!
What sudden light —
No greater than an eye,
Shining in blue,
Mirroring heaven —
Rises, grows, rises!
Already reaching to the clouds,
It is ether, is the sun!
It moves the birds,
It calls the flowers,
Wakes the names of things,
Looses the tongues of men,
That they may ring with song:
Ever, O ever again
Shall Abel be born!

CAIN (*terrible*)

And ever again
Shall Cain
Destroy this Abel!

EVE

Then woe upon the earth!
Woe!

The first production of *Reigen* (*Round Dance*), a Schnitzler play written twenty years ago, has caused an outburst of German Puritanism. It was too much for the staid citizens of Vienna (it appears there are some), where it was driven from the stage; and at Munich the hostile element in the audience employed walking-sticks and stink-bombs as the most effective means of registering their views of dramatic ethics. Under the protection of the Security Police, the play has been drawing large houses in Berlin, although one raid with the odorous bombs occurred.

Reigen is a rather curious piece of dramatic structure, consisting of ten dialogues, in which a succession of social types dance wearily about the altar of Eros — not the laughing god of Anacreon, but the dismal deity of a modern city. The dialogues are so arranged that each character appears in two of them, each time with a different partner. Street-walker and soldier, soldier and serving-maid, serving-maid and young gentleman, young gentleman and young wife, young wife and husband, husband and girl, girl and poet, actress and nobleman, nobleman and street-walker, pass over the scene, one pair after another, and as each pair finishes its turn, one of the partners whirls off the stage, leaving the other to meet the next comer. In the end, having shown them all, Schnitzler leaves off with the street-walker with whom he began.

Nothing in the play is really offensive. The observation has the typical Schnitzler keenness, the dialogue is brilliant as ever, and the humor is both sharp and subtle. But in the printed plays Schnitzler sometimes has recourse to asterisks to eke out his dialogue, and at the corresponding points in the play the lights go out. This is sufficient excuse for a hue and cry which comes, not, as might be expected, from the clergy, social reformers, and professional moralists, but from the younger men of the west end of Berlin, many of whom had a hand in the Kapp rising.

Under the monarchy the censor would probably have suppressed this performance, just as it would have stopped a recent performance of Oscar

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Wilde's *Salomé* at the Budapesterstrasse Theater. The hand of the republican censor is at present laid far less heavily upon the arts; but, partly for political reasons, the censor makes amends by drastic regulation, which has almost wiped out the night life of the capital.

Shakespeare is as popular as before the war. Max Reinhardt has staged magnificent performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *A Merchant of Venice*, and *Julius Cæsar*, although his *Hamlet* was less successful. The State Theatre has produced *Richard III*. The New People's Theatre has given *Pericles* and the *Comedy of Errors*.

Reinhardt conceived his *Midsummer Night's Dream* as a fairy spectacle, in three pictures, a treatment of the play which would probably have delighted Shakespeare himself, for there is good reason to believe that he originally wrote it for outdoor performance with the richest mounting possible. The opening scene was played before a background of heavy curtains, which opened presently, disclosing a fairy forest, where curious shapes of ferns and fir trees loomed fantastically under a warm dark sky glimmering with a thousand stars. There was no break in the performance until the close of Act IV, when a brief pause prepared Reinhardt's audience for a production by that no less famous producer, Bully Bottom.

Who but Reinhardt could have introduced the Russian ballet in a Shakespearean production without giving it a disastrously exotic flavor? Oberon becomes a dryad, so long of figure and so green of face that he at first barely emerges amid the trees. Titania's crown is wrought of the birch leaves that form her garment. Puck is brown, squat, hairy, perhaps more nearly the Robin Goodfellow of popular tradition than Shakespeare would have wished. In the mysterious light, while the sky fades to gray and silver translucence, other fairies clad in floating draperies of diaphanous green dance elfin dances, which half allure, half tantalize the eye, so subtly do they merge into their woodland background.

Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Ideal Husband*, and *Salome*, have all had recent performances. Bernard Shaw, who has long been popular in Germany, though not in France, is represented by *Pygmalion*, *The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet*, *The Man of Destiny*, and *Cæsar and Cleopatra* (a Reinhardt production at the Deutsches Theater).

There have been a number of Ibsen productions, but the most successful Scandinavian play was Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, in which Tilla Durieux, who played Eliza in *Pygmalion*, interpreted the wife, torn by mingled love and hate. The settings for this production may fairly be charged with morbidity. The round doors of the turret dwelling disclosed an interior entirely black — black furniture, black hangings, black costumes — relieved only by an evil red glow at the window and a savage gleam from the eyes of a half-seen, silently crouching animal. So evidently unhealthy was this performance that a more robust rendering of *The Father* at another theatre gave a certain relief, even to the admirers of Strindberg. The intense seriousness with which these plays are taken is indicated by the total absence of applause. The audiences are mainly young men and middle-aged women.

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